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SPECTATOR OF BOOKS.

FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Recollections of Mirabeau, and of the two first Legislative Assemblies of France. By Etienne Dumont. Bull.

THE few months preceding the breaking out of the first French Revolution, are perhaps the most interesting, and the best worthy the consideration of the intellectual and observant mind, of any the pages of modern history afford. Tortured and irritated by a weak and foolish government, torn by internal disagreements, worn out by poverty, and oppressed with taxation, the people were working by slow but sure degrees to that state of ferment, which even the most skilful and prompt legislature might fail to relieve. What hope, then, was there for the disorder from the weak and vacillating policy which in vain sought to keep it within bounds; weak in its trembling obedience to the roaring of the populace when at its height of mutiny; weak when it sought by a tyrannical and unjustifiable exertion of power to restrain those excesses, which, under a well-ordered government, should never have occurred. Add to this the malicious intervention of bold, talented, and daring spirits which invariably seize upon the inflammable and sickly portion of the body popular, and can we wonder at the eventual bursting forth of evil and feverish excitement, overwhelming all previous restraints, and throwing the patient into a state of delirious phrenzy, from which it will yet take many years of misery, weakness, and extravagance to recover.

Mirabeau was one of the bold, talented, and daring spirits alluded to above, to whose exertions France is in great measure indebted for her escape from royal tyranny, to the "greatness" of democratical license. His name has been accordingly held in very devout abhorrence by the lovers of peace and order, while the disaffected have placed him in the opposite extreme of excellence and respectability. To reconcile the opinions of two parties so wholly irreconcilable, would be no easy task, where both, as we believe, might have much to concede;—we shall, therefore, prefer taking the simple character of this individual, as given by M. Dumont, his oldest, best tried, and most confidential political friend, whose first introduction to Mirabeau, was occasioned through the means of Sir Samuel Romilly. The account of his versatile and ready wit is strikingly characteristic:—

"During Mirabeau's visit to London, in 1784, he had become very intimate with Romilly. He was then engaged in his

work on the order of Cincinnatus, and had in his portfolio plans and sketches of several other works, upon which he took good care to consult every person capable of affording him information. He was then poor, and obliged to live by his writings. He wrote his *Considerations on the E scaut*, from a letter by M. Chauvet, which gave him the first idea of the work. Having become acquainted with a geographer, whose name I forget, he also meditated writing a universal geography. Had any one offered him the elements of Chinese grammar, he would, no doubt, have attempted a treatise on the Chinese language. He studied a subject whilst he was writing upon it, and he only required an assistant who furnished matter. He could contrive to get notes and additions from twenty different hands; and had he been offered a good price, I am confident he would have undertaken to write even an encyclopædia.

"His activity was prodigious. If he worked little himself, he made others work very hard. He had the art of finding out men of talent, and of successfully flattering those who could be of use to him. He worked upon them with insinuation of friendship, and ideas of public benefit. His interesting and animated conversation was like a hone which he used to sharpen his tools. Nothing was lost to him. He collected with care anecdotes, conversations, and thoughts,—appropriated to his own benefit the fruits of the reading and study of his friends,—knew how to use the information thus acquired, so as to appear always to have possessed it,—and when he had begun a work in earnest, it was seen to make a rapid and daily progress.

"In London he fell in with D—, who was writing a History of the Revolutions of Geneva, the first volume of which he had already published. D— wished to be an author without its being known, and seemed to blame himself for writing this work. He pressed Mirabeau to take his manuscripts and compose a History of Geneva. In less than a week Mirabeau showed him an extract he had made from the volume already published. It was done in a masterly style; was energetic, rapid, and interesting. I know not what made D— change his mind, but, on a sudden, he withdrew his manuscripts from Mirabeau. The consequence was a coolness, and something worse between them. These two men could never have worked in conjunction. Mirabeau, however, declared that he only wanted the second place, and would willingly yield to D— the honour of the undertaking; but the truth is, he thought that his reputation would absorb that of his companion, and

that D— would be considered, at most, but as a mason who had brought the stones and mortar for the edifice, of which Mirabeau was the architect.

"When we arrived in Paris, in 1788, the character of the Count de Mirabeau was in the lowest possible state of degradation. He had been employed at Berlin, by M. de Calonne, was connected with all the enemies of Necker, against whom he had several times exercised his pen, and was considered as a dangerous enemy, and a slippery friend. His law-suits with his family,—his elopements,—his imprisonments, and his morals, could not be overlooked, even in a city so lax as Paris; and his name was pronounced with detestation at the houses of some of our most intimate friends. Romilly, almost ashamed of his former friendship for Mirabeau, determined not to renew acquaintance with him. But Mirabeau was not a man of etiquette; and having learnt our address from Target, at whose house we had dined, he determined to call upon us. The noise of a carriage at the door, drove Romilly to his room, desiring me, should it be a visitor on a call of ceremony, to say that he was out. Mirabeau was announced, and I did not send word to Romilly, because I thought he wished to avoid seeing the count; and as his room was only separated by a thin partition from the one we were in, I concluded that he would be able to distinguish the voice of our visitor, and make his appearance if he pleased. Mirabeau began the conversation by talking of our mutual friends in London. He then spoke of Geneva, for he well knew that to a Genevese there was no greater pleasure than talking of his country. He said many flattering things of a city which, by producing so many distinguished men, had contributed to the general mass, so large a share of genius and learning; and he concluded by affirming, that he should never be happy until he could liberate that city from the fetters imposed upon it by the revolution of 1782. Two hours seemed but a moment; and Mirabeau was, in my estimation, the most interesting object in Paris. The visit ended by my promising to dine with him the same day, and he was to return and fetch me in his carriage.

"With whom have you been talking so long?" said Romilly, on leaving his room, to which this long visit had confined him. "Did you not recognise his voice?" inquired I. "No." "Yet you well know the individual, and I even think you must have heard a panegyric on yourself, which would have made a superb funeral oration." "What! was it Mirabeau?" "It was; and may I be a fool all my life, if I allow the

prejudices of our friends to prevent me from enjoying his company. I belong neither to Calonne's party, nor to Necker's; but to his, whose conversation animates and delights me. As a commencement, I am going to dine with him to-day." Mirabeau soon returned, took us both with him, and in a very short time overcame our prejudices. We visited him often; and taking advantage of the fine weather, made many excursions into the country. We dined with him in the Bois de Boulogne, at St. Cloud, and at Vincennes; at which latter place, he showed us the dungeon in which he had been confined three years. * * *

"Mirabeau enjoyed a high reputation as a writer. His work on the Bank of St. Charles, his 'Denunciation of Stock-jobbing,' his 'Considerations on the Order of Cincinnati,' and his 'Letters de Cachet,' were his titles to fame. But if all who had contributed to these works, had each claimed his share, nothing would have remained as Mirabeau's own, but a certain art of arrangement, some bold expressions and biting epigrams, and numerous bursts of manly eloquence, certainly not the growth of the French Academy."

He was an exceedingly affable and "taking" man in his intercourse with the world, and to this owed much of the favour and power into which he ingratiated himself. Of his private life we have not a very favourable account:—

"I am perfectly acquainted with the private life of Mirabeau, his domestic habits, or the particulars of his conduct to his parents and his wife. The violence of his youthful passions may perhaps justify his father's severity; but the Marquis de Mirabeau, as violent as his son, had certainly not the art of governing the impetuous temper of the latter. Instead of attempting to lead him by affection, to which the young man was feelingly alive, he would fain subjugate him by force. Mirabeau used to compare his family to that of Atreus and Thyestes. The eternal quarrels between the parents formed the children into two hostile factions, and accustomed them, at a very early age, to constraint and dissimulation; whilst the contagion of vice had but too much power over such a temperament as Mirabeau's, so precocious in every respect, and depraved by female intercourse long before his reason had attained to maturity. The manner in which he was brought up may explain that singular complication of contradictory qualities by which he was characterized."

"I have heard that to obtain the hand of his wife he practised a very mean stratagem. The parents had refused their consent, from a preference for a rival. It, therefore, became necessary to force this rival to withdraw, which he is said to have effected by the following means. He gained the good graces of a maid servant in the house, with whom he had meetings after the family were gone to bed. He used to drive his carriage into a neighbouring street, in order to impart an air of mystery to his motions. This carriage was left there several hours, and the spies of the rival soon reported that the Count de Mirabeau was

in the habit of passing the night at the house of his mistress. The lady's reputation became thus implicated, the rival withdrew, and the parents deemed themselves fortunate in hushing the matter up by consenting to the marriage. The happiness of this union, founded upon fraud, was soon interrupted by reciprocal infidelity and a separation."

We begun this article by talking about the French Revolution, with the disasters and follies and inward workings which led to it, while in our extracts we have entirely confined ourselves to the personal history of one of its agents. The secret history of this man, however, is so intimately and vitally connected with the political movements of his time, that much original and important fact may naturally be supposed to be divulged in this volume, of which history had hitherto been deficient. In fact, M. Dumont's "Recollections" (being, strictly speaking, recollections, penned from memory, after a considerable lapse of years,) are of a most interesting and curious nature, and, had not accident prevented their continuation, would, doubtless, have formed one of the most authentic and complete histories of revolutionary France that have yet appeared. We shall take up a few historical particulars next week.

WOMEN.

Woman's Love: a Novel. By Mrs. Leman Grimstone. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

WOMAN'S love!—amiable, delicate, and perplexatory theme,—which, who but a woman's pen shall dare describe? Mrs. Grimstone has taken up the cause of her sex with talent, resoluteness, and fairness, and brought them before us in all their variety of beauty, amiability, fondness, frailty, perverseness, and tyranny;—the picture being one of various and conflicting interest, but certainly predominating to the favourable side. "Woman's love" is the professed subject of these volumes, and woman's love is indeed the *primum mobile* of great part of the story;—but we have something more besides the unrelieved mawkishness of sentimentality which the title might portend. The story or plot is the worst part about this production, and the characters, which are numerous and varied, are ably delineated. The sketches of life and society in general are also rather spirited than otherwise. Our first chapter introduces us to an eloped couple on the Paris road, and the last to a trial for forgery at the Old Bailey, the intervening adventures being proportionably dissimilar. Charles Beresford, an ill-fated son of genius and trouble, figures very conspicuously in perils and persecutions till the end of the third volume, when he is honourably acquitted, on the appearance of the real criminal, for whom he had all along been mistaken, and made happy with the hand of his Ida Dorrington.

The only extract we have room for is of a stirring character,—it relates to Rachel Melburt, who has been seduced by the dissipated Burroughs, with whom she is reduced to a miserable state of poverty:—

"One dark night, Rachel was sitting

listening to the rain that pattered against the casements of the garret which scarcely afforded her shelter, and to which she had recently been hurried from elegant apartments in one of the finest streets in town, when she was roused from her vain retrospections by the hurried entrance of her lover.

"'Burroughs!' she exclaimed, rising as the light upon the table glanced upon his ghastly countenance, 'what is the matter? you are breathless, and white as ashes.'

"'I have been pursued'—he answered, glancing his eye to the door, which she immediately secured. 'Have you any thing I can drink? I am parching with thirst. Thanks, my life,' he added, as he laid down the glass she had given him, and casting his arm round her, he strained her to his heart, with that grateful consciousness of her true and deep devotion, which in the hour of adversity he never failed to feel, nor to forget again in that of prosperity."

"Such evidences were all her heart wanted to bind her to him under any circumstances; they were all the recompense she asked for any sacrifice. For these sudden and uncertain bursts of tenderness she had banished repose, and surrendered reputation; yet, when she felt a conviction that he *loved her*, her heart repined not. It was the hour of peril, of want, and suffering, that called forth their affection—it was then they felt each other's value—never at such an hour was Rachel found wanting—when he she loved had not a place of refuge upon earth, he only found *her* breast the fonder sanctuary—

"That man knew never yet the love of woman, Who never had an ill to share with her."

"'Change your clothes, Burroughs, for you are wet through,' she exclaimed, leaving his arms, and rousing the fire into a blaze."

"'Hark!' he cried, 'there is a noise below!' going to the window, he put it open, and again turned an attentive ear in the direction he heard the sound. He flew to Rachel, pressed his cold lips to her's, and sprung through the window. In her first agony she imagined that he had thrown himself into the street; but, on rushing to the casement, she beheld him effecting his escape over a neighbouring house. She immediately comprehended that some imminent danger threatened him. She closed the window softly, that if any investigation of the chamber should take place, no appearance of a flight having been effected might present itself. The precaution had not been long taken when she heard the sound of many feet ascending the stairs, and, in a moment after, her door was most unceremoniously burst open."

"'Guy Burroughs' was the demand, and on her avowing no knowledge of him, a strict search of the room she occupied commenced, accompanied with such brutal jests as suited the humour of the ruffians, privileged by the law to invade her miserable dwelling. From these she learned that the charge against Burroughs was that of being implicated with others in the crime of coin-ing, and she was congratulated on her good

fortune, as, had any counterfeited coin been found about her person, or in her apartment, it would have been their duty to have seized her.

"When they were gone, Rachel closed her door by putting a chair against it, for the police officers had broken the fastening, and she again seated herself in the bitterness of meditation. She thought of her days of innocence, of pride, of peace: she thought of her mother: she thought of the gentle Clara Clifford, as she ever loved to call her.

"Three wretched days, and yet more wretched nights, she passed in the vain and hourly expectation of hearing something of the fugitive; snatching such intervals of repose as her feverish state allowed, and satisfying nature with such nourishment as she chanced to have in the house. At the end of that time, half driven by despair, and half by necessity, she went forth. A heavy fog was abroad, through which the lamps shone dimly; but it broke into a small rain soon after she came out, increasing the wretched state of the splashy streets. It was a Saturday night, and numbers of mechanics, and the poorer order of the people, were crowding the various thoroughfares through which she passed, and with a mind predisposed to snatch at every thing that fed her own gloomy feelings—feelings which permitted her to see in this world only various wretchedness—she marked only those objects whose apparent misery was calculated to feed her sombre reflections. She saw shivering paucity gazing, with a vain wish, into the well-stored window, and then turn away to seek some mean shed in which to lay out his pence, where, without provoking contempt, he might make his humble purchase, and where also he must pay dearer for a worse article. Such are the institutions of society; everywhere we find oppression press heaviest on those already oppressed. Rachel fixed her eyes on every face, in the hope of discerning that one on whom all her thoughts were fixed; she fancied she read in every countenance sorrow and distress; in every child she beheld a victim dragged as an unsuspecting sacrifice to the altar of misery, and her heart yearned for her own yet unborn babe.

"At the corner of a street, a wretched being touched his hat to her, she paused; as she dropped a trifle into his hand, she felt her own touched, and a low voice murmured her name; the mendicant was Guy Burroughs!

"'We cannot speak here,' he cried, in the same under tone, 'follow me at a distance.'

"Scarcely able to sustain herself, she leant against some iron rails for support; while her eyes pursued that fine form of which she had so often felt proud, now disguised in wretched rags, and bent in counterfeited age. Calling up her courage, she thanked heaven that it had been permitted her to discover the poor outcast; slowly, and at a distance, she followed him, and at last perceived him enter a dark alley. She hastened to him, and cast herself upon his bosom."

Mrs. Grimstone takes advantage of her undoubted privilege to write a "Postscript" to this novel, in which she enters into a pretty full examination of the respective merits of the two sexes, and of their influence in affairs of this world. She maintains that the ladies have not had fair play, and the lords, their husbands, do not treat them with that sensible and judicious consideration, which, as intellectual beings, they have a right to expect. We cannot particularize the several charges herein advanced, but will assure our female readers of a stout champion, and our gentleman friends an uncompromising monitor in this our fair authoress.

SPANISH HISTORY.

Cabinet Cyclopædia. Spain and Portugal.
Vol. 1. Longman and Co.

THIS, we believe, is the first attempt that has appeared in our language, to collect the scattered materials of original authority, with respect to the history of the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula. The annals of Spain are as replete with romance and brilliant incident as those of any other spot in Europe, yet have they hitherto lain in a comparative state of darkness to which they were hardly entitled. The present history, which will comprise four volumes, is well digested, and cleverly written, and will, doubtless, be found of much service to the historical student. The subject is very judiciously divided, according to the importance of the materials of the several periods. The introduction, recording the history antecedent to the Roman sway, occupies twenty-nine pages, the Roman government sixty odd, the Gothic dominion, full of rich and interesting details, takes us to page 224, and the Arabian and Moorish domination concludes the volume.

In treating of the co-existing kingdoms during the Mahomedan period, the author has very properly written their history consecutively, and not simultaneously, the advantage of which plan, in respect to clearness, being pretty evident. "Hitherto," says our author, "by relating the events of all in chronological order, and by being compelled to pass from one sovereignty to another, historians have confounded events and persons, so that no attention in the reader, however undivided and painful, could follow the chain of each particular history. Let any one peruse a single book of Morales, Mariana, Ferreras, or Masden, and he will find that, unless he form an abstract, as he proceeds, of the general history, classing the transactions of each kingdom under their proper head, his memory will retain no distinct impression; nothing will remain on his mind but a mass of confusion—a poor return for his toil."

From the account of the religious persecutions under the Roman yoke, we select the martyrdom of St. Vincent, which is powerfully told:—

"Of this 'noble army of martyrs,' none seems more deserving of particular remembrance than St. Vincent. This Christian hero was a native of Saragossa, and the son of a distinguished magistrate. His learning

and eloquence early introduced him to the notice of his diocesan Valerius, whose deacon he became; and as that prelate was afflicted with an impediment in speaking, on him devolved the duty of addressing the congregation from the episcopal seat. His popularity reached the ears of Dacian, who summoned both bishop and deacon before him, and who committed both, heavily fettered, to the dark dungeons of Valencia. Having passed some time in this horrible abode, with food scarcely sufficient to sustain life, both were again brought before the tyrant, who, on observing their cheerful countenances, which exhibited no marks of suffering, angrily demanded of the guards whether they had not disobeyed his commands. On hearing that his orders had been punctually performed, he artfully endeavoured to seduce, by an affected moderation, those on whom severity had produced no visible effect. He exhorted them to comply with the decrees of the world's great masters, who insisted that the dignity of the ancient worship should be restored, and the gods every where honoured by sacrifices. Valerius attempted to reply, but seeing his embarrassed utterance, his young friend said—'Father, dost thou permit me to answer this judge?' The other replied—'My son, I have long trusted thee with the office of speaking, and I leave thee now to justify the faith for which we are standing here.' In a discourse of surprising energy and eloquence, the deacon then vindicated the unity of God, and the divinity of Christ, and contrasted the sublimity of the doctrines he professed with the puerile absurdities of Paganism. He concluded by asserting that entreaties no less than menaces would be unable to make them guilty of idolatry. The intrepidity of the advocate filled Dacian with fury. 'Let this bishop,' he exclaimed, 'be removed hence; as he has disobeyed the imperial edict, he is justly exiled; but for this fellow, who to disobedience adds insult, a heavier punishment is reserved. Apply the torture; dislocate his limbs, and let him feel a rebel's punishment.' The order was promptly obeyed, and Dacian had both the gratification to witness, and the barbarity to deride, the agonies of the sufferer. The latter, whose cheek blanched not, and whose lips uttered not one word of complaint,—regarding his persecutor with that calm composure which proved that his heaven was already begun, merely replied,—'I have always wished for an opportunity of proving my attachment to the religion of Christ; thou hast given it me, and I am content!' Mad with rage, the governor struck the executioners because they could not force a single groan from their victim. 'What!' exclaimed the sufferer, with the most provoking coolness, 'dost thou too wish to avenge me of these brutal men?' Dacian now foamed at the mouth, and roared, rather than spoke, to them,—'Cannot you extort one cry of pain from this man, ye who have so often bent the most stubborn malefactors? Is he thus to triumph over us?' Sharper instruments were now brought, the flesh of the Christian was torn from his bones, and his whole

body presented the appearance of one vast wound. For a moment even the savage Dacian was, or appeared to be, softened. 'Young Christian,' said he, 'hast thou no pity for thyself? In the flower of thine age canst thou not be persuaded to avoid a horrible death by one act of submission?'—'Thy feigned sympathy,' replied the other, with the same unshaken tranquillity, 'affects me as little as the exquisite torments thou causest me to feel. I will not deny my Maker for thy idols of wood and stone. Thy perseverance will fail sooner than my constancy.'

"The victim was next laid on an iron bed, the surface of which was covered with sharp projecting points, and a slow fire placed under it. His body was pressed against the spikes, boiling liquids were poured into his wounds; his bones were crushed by blows with iron bars; in short, every species of torture was employed that hellish cunning could devise. Still the heroic sufferer murmured not. At length, his mangled limbs having been dashed on a bed of sharp flints, he felt that the moment of his deliverance was at hand. In vain did the tyrant order him to be laid on a comfortable couch, and every effort made to restore him, that, on his recovery, human ingenuity might be taxed for the invention of new torments: in a few hours he expired. His corpse was carried out to sea, and plunged into the waves; it was soon washed on shore, was found by some Christians, and secretly buried. The report of his superhuman constancy was rapidly spread throughout Christendom; and in the time of St. Augustine his festival was celebrated in every Christian place."

The appendix contains many curious *morceaux*, one of which, relating the marriage adventures of the young Princess Richunda, about the end of the sixth century, gives a droll picture of the gallantry of those days:—

"Chilperic, King of the Franks, had agreed to bestow his daughter Richunda on Prince Recared: ambassadors had been despatched on both sides to regulate the dowry, which, according to the custom of the Goths, the prince was to allow his future bride. At this moment, Leovigild was summoned to the field, to crush the rebellion of his eldest son, and the negotiation was suspended.

"On the termination of the war a new embassy was despatched from Toledo to the Court of Chilperic, to hasten the marriage. All obstacles were now removed, and the Gothic nobles were on their return, with the full consent of Chilperic that the ceremony should be solemnized without delay, when the unexpected death of a Frank prince, a brother of the intended bride, caused the afflicted father to request that the ceremony should again be deferred.

"When sufficient time had elapsed for the indulgence of natural grief, Leovigild sent another deputation to bring the princess to his court. Chilperic resolved that she should appear with becoming splendour before her future subjects, conferred on her the most costly gifts, and fixed the day of

her departure, which was September 1, 584: fifty chariots were prepared to convey her new riches, and a retinue of 4000 persons appointed to attend her. It appears, however, that none of these attendants had much relish for the journey. They had been led to entertain such notions of Gothic ferocity, that many of them sought to escape so unwelcome a duty: some made their wills, as if proceeding to certain death; a few hung themselves in despair. All Paris was in consternation and mourning.

"The cavalcade at length left the gates of the capital; but had not proceeded many furlongs, before the chariot which carried the princess sustained some accident, and was obliged to be stopped until the mischief was repaired. Next came a deputation from Childebert, uncle of the princess, which, in the name of the king, protested against the marriage, and requested, or rather insisted, that she should return. The party, however, after some delay, proceeded; but they had scarcely reached a post four leagues from Paris, where it had been arranged they should pass the night, before fifty of Richunda's attendants—all, doubtless, in the interests of Childebert—decamped with one hundred horses, richly laden and caparisoned. Still the princess continued her way; but the desertions among her attendants were so frequent, that, as she approached the south of France, she had few left, and she was compelled to despatch couriers to her father for troops to protect her from the insults of the people, who liked neither the marriage nor the enormous expenses it entailed. As the peasants were bound to furnish the whole party with beasts of burden, provisions, lodging, and guides, entirely free of expense, their ill-will on the present occasion may readily be conceived.

"With the troops thus seasonably acquired, the princess at length reached Toulouse. Here it was thought expedient for her to remain some time, until preparations were made for passing the Pyrenees with suitable magnificence. Just, however, as these were concluded, she received intelligence of the deposition and death of her father. At the same time arrived a powerful noble with a strong body of horse, who unceremoniously deprived her of all her remaining treasures. Of course she was speedily abandoned by her attendants; and was left in a strange city, destitute alike of money, friends, and habitation. She was compelled to seek refuge and subsistence in a church, where she remained some months before her mother Fredegunda could send for her. It is no way creditable to her intended husband, who must have known her situation and place of refuge, that he did not hasten to fulfil his engagement. We do not hear that, after the catastrophe of her father, he ever wasted a thought on this unfortunate lady."

One more extract, and we have done;—the following relates to the military institutions of the Goths:—

"If from the civil we pass to the military state of the country, we shall find that the Goths were one vast nation of soldiers,

the words soldier and man being considered almost as synonymous. The obligation of service was imperative on all freemen; nor were the sons of the king admitted to his table until they had made their essay in arms. Slaves were also admitted to join the levies, since every owner was required to take with him to the field one-tenth of the number he possessed. All Goths capable of bearing arms, whether lay or clerical, were subject to military duty; and heavy were the penalties with which he was visited who absented or hid himself to escape the conscription; if he were a noble filling some high employment, he was deposed and banished; if a common noble, he was beaten and branded; the officer who for a bribe excused any one from the service, was compelled to pay four times the amount of the money he had received, besides a heavy fine to the king. The captain who forsook his post in time of war was beheaded; or, if he took sanctuary in a church, he was fined in six hundred crowns, to be divided among the soldiers of his company. By a law of Wamba, when any district was invaded, if all the inhabitants of that and the neighbouring districts, in a circle of one hundred miles, did not hasten to repel the invasion, the punishment was even more severe; if it were a duke, or count, or bishop, who neglected to arm, he was banished, and his property confiscated; if one of inferior dignity, whether layman or churchman, he was branded, and degraded to the condition of a slave. The severity of these laws proves that they had been frequently evaded; that habits of settled life had destroyed the martial disposition of the Goths; that riches had transformed them into an unwarlike people. The royal guard and the soldiers of the fortresses appear to have constituted the only regular or permanent army of the monarchy. When levies were wanted, messengers went from town to town to rouse the people; and the *servi dominici*, or royal serfs, enrolled such as were to form the new army. Provisions were found for these levies by the counts of the towns; but we nowhere find that pay was added; they were indeed sufficiently remunerated by the sale, as slaves, of all the captives whom they took in war. The command in chief rested with the king, and, in his absence, with some duke, (sometimes a count, as lieutenant-general,) who was called *præpositus hostis*, or chief of the host. The *tyuphad*, the next officer in dignity, commanded a number of men equivalent to a regiment. Each regiment was divided into two battalions, and each battalion (500 men) obeyed a *quingentarius*; a battalion had five companies, each under a *centenarius*; and each of these was subdivided into piquets of ten men, conducted by a *decanus*. The *armonarii* formed the commissariat. But there was a third officer, who has no corresponding rank in modern warfare; this was the *compulsor*, probably a *servus dominicus*, who forced men to become recruits. All truces, parleys, treaties of peace, &c. appear to have been brought about by the martial prelates, who not merely accompanied but fought in the army."

EMIGRATION FOR LOVE.

The Fugitives, or a Trip to Canada. By Edward Lane. E. Wilson.

WE were never more sorely disappointed than in the thick little volume before us. "The Fugitives, a Trip to Canada, by Edward Lane, formerly a Resident in Lower Canada," we made sure was some useful, sensible narrative of travelling life, which might be almost worthy of perusal after Mr. McGregor's and Colonel Bouchette's larger works on our American possessions; "The Fugitives" being, of course, two Robinson Crusoe-ish London apprentices running away from their masters, and making their fortunes during a "trip to Canada." But no, the work is one of most elaborate nonsense, extremely laughable sometimes for its excessive stupidity. The author, however, calls it "an interesting tale, chiefly founded upon facts." It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Lane is not over nice in the use of the adjective, in places, too, where really no such qualification at all was called for. As a rich specimen of his abundantly florid style, we take the first sentence from Chapter I. which runs, or rather marches as follows:

"Many of you, my *indulgent* readers, have perhaps travelled over an *immense* heath, a *dreary* desert, and, having cast your *longing* eyes forwards, have hailed with *rapture* the appearance of a *distant* clump of *venerable* trees, from whose *widely-distended* branches the *gracefully-curling* smoke has arisen in *friendly* volumes to the *evening* skies."—Again: "A *sweet serenity*,—a *balmy stillness* pervaded the *tranquil scene*, while, at a distance, the *playful porpoise* amused himself in *wanton friskings* on the *surface* of his *native element*."

Similar gems of elegant composition adorn the turn of every page, but the "interesting tale," the "tale partly founded upon facts," is what we must now pay attention to.

The Fugitives are not run-away apprentices, but an eloped wife and her seducer;—Mr. Strickland being the bereaved husband, who embarks with all speed after them to Quebec, in a vessel very prettily called "The Venus." This is in the beginning of the volume, and we may conclude he is successful in his researches, for the last page ends very complacently with:—"P. S. Mrs. Strickland makes you all many compliments."

Mr. Lane talks a great deal about sailors, and planters, and other common people, but in no common style does he talk, and at the risk of being thought exceedingly easily amused we must extract a couple of scenes from this ever-memorable "trip."

"By this time the wind had increased, and Captain Graham had scarcely bidden adieu to the cares and inquietudes of life, ere he was aroused from his slumbers by the unwelcome sound of three portentous strokes of a handspike on the after-deck, accompanied by the shrill voice of the second mate, vociferating with all his might, 'All hands reef top-sails ahoy!' The brave tars,—

foremost among whom was their captain,—tumbled up with alacrity, and within two minutes from the disagreeable summons, the fore-topsail yard was manned with hardy fellows, who feared neither rain nor tempest. Strickland, who but seldom interfered with the captain of the Venus in the discharge of his duties, feeling (though possessed of much nautical experience himself,) that Captain G. was competent to act in any trying emergency, essayed to sleep; but in vain he invoked the drowsy god to settle on his weary eyelids—past joys—gone-by days of bliss, accompanied with painful comparisons with his present state of bereavement and penury, held him waking. It was nearly midnight; (but a few grains of sand remained in the binnacle glass, ere it would be time to call the middle watch:) when he was aroused from a profound and painful reverie by the entrance of the cabin-boy, who came to beg his immediate attention to the son of one of the steerage passengers, taken dangerously ill. Naturally partial as he was to children, to *this* youth he was particularly attached; he would sit for hours on a hen-coop with the boy by his side, or on his knee, listening to his engaging prattle, (for such it might have still been called,) and in his more cheerful moments, few and far-between as they were—explaining to him sea-terms, relating tales of past days, and occasionally instructing him in spelling and writing, in which branches of useful learning he had been lamentably neglected. Thus Strickland *served* the boy, while he *amused* himself. The youth was, indeed, scarcely ever from his instructor's side; and what rendered him the more engaging, to good natural talents he united an amiable disposition, ever desirous to please and be pleased. Towards the *parent*, without knowing why, Strickland felt an insurmountable antipathy. Was he a physiognomist? perhaps not more so than others. Most men, I believe, conceiving either a favourable or unfavourable opinion of a stranger at *first sight*. Our hero's skill in surgery, &c. had led the other passengers to apply to him in all their sicknesses, as to the surgeon of the vessel; accustomed then as he was to be called up to attend to their wants, it cannot be supposed that he lost a moment in flying to the assistance of his youthful companion. The storm whistles loud and fearfully, thought he, as he passed the quarter-deck; but, without loss of time, descended to the steerage. He found poor Robert ill indeed. Sea-sickness, which had been, during the passage, his constant attendant, had almost reduced the amiable boy to a skeleton, and his kind instructor and physician now found him in a delirious fever. He hung over the youth's bed with more than parental solicitude, while the half-frantic mother conjured him earnestly to exert his utmost skill to save, if possible, the flower of her flock. Well might she have spared herself the fond, the natural request. Strickland, though almost lost to the world, and the world to him, left as it were an odd, a broken link in the chain of society; yet, still believing himself to be beloved by *one* being, though that being was a child, would have given

worlds to rescue that child from the pain and disorder with which he was afflicted. Having sent for the cabin-boy, he ordered him to bring the medicine-chest into the half-deck. Meanwhile the husband, usually nick-named Long Tom, (from his standing at least six feet two,) was vehemently cursing the storm which bellowed above with increasing violence. He clenched his brawny fists, and inveighed with bitterness against the Providence of the Most High; then hastily turning to his meek partner, in a menacing attitude, with his fore-finger stretched out, he peremptorily exclaimed, "To bed, I say, to bed, and leave your darling to his fate.—Had he been one of *my* children," added he with bitterness, "no such pains had been taken for his recovery; and as for you, Mister," turning to Strickland, "I thank you for the trouble you are taking to preserve to me a burden, that, by heaven! I shall feel happy to be safely rid of. Therefore decamp! I say," raising his voice, "and leave my berth. I need no intruders, and when Kate has had her cry out, she may e'en jump overboard, and be d—d, or turn in with her favourite, which she pleases, all one to Tom." "Softly, softly," exclaimed Captain Strickland, not at all intimidated, though violently shocked by the barbarity of the villain, "the life of a fellow creature is at stake; nor do I mean to quit him, (nay, frown on, if you choose,) till I have used all my imperfect skill to restore him to health, and would that I could add, happiness: but, alas! I fear but a small portion of that will fall to his share, while in the power of—(a wretch, a disgrace to humanity, Strickland would have said, but prudently changed it into) a man so little master of his violent passions as yourself." By this time the cabin-boy had reached the half-deck with the chest which Strickland had impatiently expected, and, without losing another moment, he prepared for the boy a composing draught, which, in a short time, had the effect of lulling him into a profound slumber. "There!" exclaimed the Captain, "see your child is at ease, and in a fair way too." "My child!" reiterated the ruffian. "At least then your *fellow creature*, one created in the same image, in the image of the omnipotent Creator, who, at this awful moment—

Plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm!"

"There was something elevated and commanding in the voice of Strickland, which, for a moment, overawed his turbulent adversary, who turned sullenly from him. Fain would Strickland have watched by the side of the ill-fated Robert until day-break, but the increased howlings of the northern tempest convinced him that his aid, as well as the aid of the other passengers, was, by this time, essentially necessary upon deck. But how to leave his poor charge;—luckily he bethought himself of the good-natured cabin-boy, Robin, and telling him that he would answer to his master for his absence, he commanded him to remain below, removed to a convenient distance from his patient's berth, to carefully listen to what might occur (as the rolling of the vessel

rendered it time to put out the light; and Captain Graham had twice bawled down the hatchway, 'Dowse the glim!')

With this impressive passage we pass to one of truly moving interest:

"The astounding blow had thrown Long Tom, with violence, out of his berth, head foremost, against the larboard pump. Ghastly, stupified, and bleeding, he gained the deck,—here, amazed and horror-struck, he loudly bawled, 'In me, in me, behold the Jonah!—Cast me, O captain, cast me overboard into the boiling surge, and quench the fires which burn within!' Wrapped in amazement and consternation, no one heeded his frantic exclamations, and the conscience-stricken wretch was rapidly vaulting over the gunwale, to commit himself to the fury of the ocean, when one of the rescued strangers, darting forward with the velocity of an arrow, seized him by the hair, and the ship at the same moment rolling dreadfully, they were both precipitated with violence against the capstern, but for which impediment it is highly probable they had rolled over into the sea, on the opposite side of the ship. Both, seriously wounded and stunned, were conveyed below; the father of the sick boy to his own berth, and the passenger to the cabin of Strickland. The latter, still retaining his coolness and presence of mind, descended after them, visited and prescribed for both, and also attended to Robert. The performance of these Christian duties detaining him below a considerable time, he had the satisfaction, on again reaching the top of the companion ladder, to discover that day was breaking, and the wind and sea considerably abated."

With this we must conclude by assuring Mr. Lane that his work is a very silly piece of patch-work, neither useful nor ornamental. It pretends to give "observations on the manners, customs, &c. of the colonists and Indians," but these, which appear to be taken, cut and dry, from some "guide" or other, neither harmonize with nor advance the interest of the book.

MR. GALT'S NOVEL.

Stanley Buxton, a Novel. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

Our last week's extract was confined to a single scene relating to Miss Sibby and the Schoolmaster's wife, and a capital scene it was!—we must this week turn our attention to the hero of our tale, and unravel a little of the mystery that surrounds him. We stated that his mother was trying to force him to marriage with Maria Howard, the daughter (apparently) of the late earl's valet, which proposed union Lord Errington persisted in refusing, until he quite offended his mother; and the next heir-at-law, Mr. Pomfret Buxton, appeared to make his court to the young lady, being highly favorably received by the dowager. What follows is told by Stanley himself, in a letter to his friend Franks:—

"The riddle of my life, dear Mr. Franks, is now redde. This morning, while at breakfast, Howard requested an audience. Displeased as I have had occasion to be

with him, I hesitated to grant it, and the servant was pausing at the door for my answer, when he came forward himself. I need not describe my astonishment, especially when, on the footman retiring, he sat down. Indeed, my surprise was so excessive, that it deprived me of all presence of mind, and he was the first to break silence.

"I have had, this morning, a letter from Lady Errington," said he.

"Her ladyship," I replied, with considerable emotion, 'does herself honour by the correspondence; without, however, noticing what I said, he added,—

"And she informs me that Mr. Pomfret Buxton has proposed for Miss Maria."

"I have heard as much," was my contemptuous answer; 'but I do not perceive in what manner I am particularly interested in the matter.'

"You are!" said he, emphatically, with a look of indescribable audacity; and then drawing his chair close to me, and lowering his voice, he whispered, 'she is not my daughter!'

"Had a peal of ordnance burst at my ear, I could not have been more amazed; and, yet, my dear friend, a fearful thought has sometimes of late haunted me that it was so, and several times I have fancied, when she scowled, that she bore a striking resemblance to Lady Errington herself. In my consternation, I exclaimed—

"Is she then Lady Errington's? Why has this guilty mystery been so long kept up?"

"He made no direct answer; on the contrary, he looked confused, as if he would have recalled his words; and he then imperfectly related, that the late lord, whom he called my father, was so impatient for a male heir to his estates and title, that he embittered the life of Lady Errington.

"Recollecting how I had often heard that Maria and I were born in the same night, I inquired, with a feeling which cannot be described, 'am I then your son!'

"His colour instantly fell; his complexion became of a cadaverous yellow hue, and his whole appearance agitated from some uncontrollable agitation. I repeated the question with energy. He still made no reply, but looked anxiously and fearfully around—and I again with sternness exclaimed—

"Good heavens! am I your son?—answer me at once. Let there be no more equivocation."

"The manner in which this was expressed restored his self-possession; the natural hue returned into his cheek, and looking at me steadily for nearly the space of a minute, he said, solemnly—

"You are not Lord Errington," and suddenly burst into tears.

"What have you done? what have you uttered? Confession will not save the conspirators."

"I dread my danger," he added, somewhat calmer; 'but none who know the secret will betray.'

"Does not Lady Errington?"

"It was her own contrivance. The blame with her is greatest."

"Does not your wife know?"

"She was your nurse. She loves you well, and affection has sealed her lips."

"But I know it."

"He glared at me with a wild and ghastly astonishment, and then, with something like a tone of admonition, said, sedately—

"Your own interest, my lord. Reflect on the consequences."

"Who am I? what am I? do I not dream?" was all the answer I could return.

"If you consider this matter wisely," said he, after a considerable pause, 'things may never be disturbed. You have but to make a provision for me and my wife, that we may not be looked down upon by Mr. Pomfret Buxton and his lady.'

"Why,—for what should I do this?"

"For his title and estates. They are his of right, but as he does not know that, where is the harm to him?"

"Who, then, am I? instantly answer."

"I have said—not Lord Errington."

"Are you my father?"

"He was again smitten with something like strange terror at the question, and rising from his seat, panting, as if emerging from under water, cried—

"I have said too much."

"Give me an answer!" was my impassioned exclamation, and starting from my chair, I added, 'speak, or I shall instantly alarm the house, and order you into custody.'

"Were you my son, durst you say that to me?"

"On the instant I snatched the bell-pull, but he fiercely grasped my arm, and prevented me from ringing, while with firm, collected, and indignant voice, he said,—

"Are you mad? all you possess in the world is at hazard."

"Not all," was my calm reply, letting the rope swing from my hand. 'My integrity is not at stake,' and I walked, scarcely conscious of my action, to the other end of the room. He remained where he was, and then addressed me:—

"Come, come, my lord, this is not Bedlam; we are here on business. Listen to me. Be more a man, or say when you will be."

"I could make no reply, and being at the moment near the door, I instantly quitted the library, where this scene took place; and, running to my own dressing-room, instantly locked myself in, as if apprehensive of pursuit."

He bears his change of fortune with tolerable fortitude, though one or two incidents speedily occur to try his composure.

"While thus indulging in these apprehensive reflections, it occurred to him, that though his misfortunes might palliate the neglect on that day of many duties, they were yet not so overwhelming as to render him incapable of acknowledging the kindness of Lord Errington; accordingly, to withdraw his attention from his own anxieties, and to evince his sense of obligation, he drew paper towards him, and addressed his lordship.

"It was a brief, but a heartfelt and ani-

mated effusion; expressive alike of his readiness to acquiesce in whatever his lordship might determine concerning the claims on him, and of the sense of obligation with which he had received the assurance of his regard.

"Having finished the note, he then rang the bell for a light to seal it with, and while his valet was bringing the candle, he took up a pen to address it. In this act, his hand so trembled, that he was unable before the man returned. The servant's re-entrance, however, had the effect of re-establishing him in some degree of self-possession; and he immediately wrote the superscription, to Lord Errington.

"Happening to observe that the man's eye glanced at the letter, he pushed it, carelessly, more under his sight, in a manner somewhat particular, and looked him steadily in the face, as if in expectation of some effect; but, to his surprise, there was none: on the contrary, it seemed to be regarded with such indifference as things anticipated are commonly considered, which convinced him that the domestics were already acquainted with his altered condition. Perhaps this conviction ought not to have much disturbed him; but when the servant called him 'sir,' instead of 'my lord,' as usual, he felt his fortitude subsiding: at the same moment the footman who had been to Mr. Franks, returned without an answer.

"'No answer!' cried he, impatiently, but with an accent that betokened more of sorrow than of disappointment.

"'None,' said the man; and, with an indescribable look, he added, 'none, sir,' dwelling with emphasis on sir.

"'You may retire,' was the agitated reply, accompanied with a wave of the hand, as a signal, averting his head at the same moment to conceal a sudden tear.

He then comes to town, and in humble chamber-lodgings proposes to make his livelihood by the use of his pen. About this time he becomes acquainted with a curious old gentleman of the name of Hyams, who lodges over his head, and had all along shunned society, and lived in rigid seclusion:—

"'Had I not heard something of your story, Mr. Buxton, I should not have paid you this visit. I expected, in consequence, to find a man with strange notions; for I have noticed that those who meet with singular adventures, acquire original ways of thinking; but I did not hope to discover a young man of genius. My own story is, however, soon told.'

"'I am all attention.'

"'I began the world as a cornet of dragons, and the partiality of my companions flattered me with an idea that I was no ordinary youth. My fortune was equal to my condition as a gay and gallant favourite: not being, however, the best of economists, I sometimes outran the constable, but neither base nor ungentlemanly thoughts ever sullied my imagination. One night I had engaged myself with some brother officers to an excursion early in the morning; but on going to my room, I found my purse tenantless. The circumstance was nothing

new. I went instantly to the bed-chamber of another friend, to borrow a few guineas. Though it was late, he was still abroad, but his scrutoire was accidentally open, and I saw several notes in a pigeon-hole: without reflecting, I took one of ten pounds, intending to excuse the freedom when we next met, and returned with it to my own room. In the morning I set out with the party to whom I was engaged, without seeing my friend; in truth, without thinking of him; and in the evening, when we came back, we found the whole regiment in a ferment. The robbery was discovered, and the servant of my friend was in prison as the thief.

"'The news distracted me—I was stunned—I knew not what to do—and I did what I ought not to have done. Instead of going at once to my friend, and telling the truth, I consulted another raw boy—and somehow a great part of the evening passed before I recovered my senses, and that not until the prisoner had declared that he had only left the room for a minute, and on returning up-stairs, thought he saw me coming out of it.

"'This, with my too late disclosure, fixed guilt, the dirty guilt of theft upon me. Spare me the recital of particulars. I was taken up, tried, and condemned, and only pardoned in consideration of my previous spotless character, and the probability that was in my story, by the footing of familiarity on which I had lived with my friend.

"'My relations soon after obtained for me a civil appointment in India, and I was sent to a remote station. But the blemish was never to be effaced, and while solitary there, I came to the resolution I have ever since adhered to; not to allow myself to make an acquaintance. Your casual remark to the laundress alarmed me, but I resolved to abide by my principle; your own singular story, however, had some influence on my decision—and now it is for yourself to decline or accept.'

Buxton hesitates to strike up a friendship and inquires as to the sentiments of the old gentleman during the long period of his sequestration from the world:—

"'I was among strangers who knew not of my stain, and all things went as they were wont to do. I might have suffered nothing, but for the wound that was within. That, however, was with me always; and could it have been cured I had changed my name, but there was in it an anguish irremediable; the gnawing of the worm that never dieth—and therefore I made no attempt to struggle with the current of my fortune, but floated as the stream guided—I never steered aside from any chance of being known. My friends procured me an obscure and remote appointment, but in Calcutta I should have lived as impalpable to society as I do in London.'

"'And yet you were innocent?'

"'And yet I was innocent!—I could not be divested of my consciousness of that.'

"'Then wherefore were you so wounded?'

"'Because I could not eradicate the brand which the laws of my country had marked me with. But you are too curious. The burning was never more painful than at

this moment. Excuse me, if I remind you of the question.'

"'Answer it, should, or should I not accept your friendship?'

"'To accept,' replied Mr. Hyams, 'may do you injury, irreparable injury in the estimation of the world: on my account you may be called to sacrifices of the heart, as well as of your prospects; and to decline you will be no better.'

"Our hero looked at him, and said—'your words are Delphic. By accepting I may be injured,—by declining I may be no better; I will take the oracle in its plainest sense—I accept.'

"'My son, my son!' cried the old man, falling on his neck, and weeping bitterly.

"Buxton withdrew from his embrace—exclaiming—'What is this?' What words are these? Know you to whom these words are said?'

"'Have I not already told you that I know something of your story; I know it all.'

"'Trifle not with me, ye malignant stars!'

"'The quick spirit of my youth,' replied the old man, 'has not yet learned the prudent processes of wary age. But hark! there is a rustle of visitors—I hear strange feet upon the stairs—they are coming to you, and I must retire.'

Hyams tries to make himself useful to Buxton by introducing him to some of the bookseller fraternity, and with this view sallies forth to see Mr. Wooden, an old bibliopole, to whom he broaches the subject;—and a discourse on the quackery of the book-trade follows, admirably adapted to the present times:—

"'I only wish to know if it be still the custom for young authors to be introduced to the booksellers or the public by their friends. You know in former times first works were always heralded by sheets of complimentary verses to the author, published in front of his preface.'

"'Oh no! that's quite rectified: formerly, ye see, sir, Mr. Hyams, the bookseller, never published any thing that was not well certified as to character, by good judges, before they meddled with it; but now they judge for themselves, which is the cause of the great straits they are so often reduced to afterwards, before they can get the best of books into vogue.'

"'Surely you do not mean to say that the booksellers themselves now estimate the merits of the manuscripts offered to them. How can they, Mr. Wooden, considering their education and the manner in which their time is occupied with their business! For example; did you judge of that Essay on Logarithmic Transcendents, which you published the other day?'

"'Oh, Mr. Hyams! Oh, Mr. Hyams! was no' that published on the author's account? How could you even me and Logarithmic Transcendents in the same breath? No, Mr. Hyams—never imagine that there is one of the trade, within the four walls of London, would tig with his wee finger such college clishmaclavers. But we are all glad to get jobs from authors able to pay for them.'

"I never question that," replied Mr. Hyams. "But for authors of popular literature—poets, and such like, what is the custom towards them?"

"If they be popular, the dons of the trade will take them under their wing, of course."

"I am persuaded of that: but until they have become popular?"

"That's no' an easy question. If they have friends, and these friends be men of repute—a flash-in-the-pan, new beginner, will risk something on their opinion; but, for the most part, popularity is a plant of slow growth; and an author's best days are commonly past, and his best books laid by on the shelf, before he can rationally look for profit."

"There is, then," said Mr. Hyams with a sigh, thinking of our hero, "but little chance for a young man whose sole end in becoming author is profit."

"There's none at all—dear me, how could you think there was any?"

"But if he be a man of genius, original in the way he looks on the world, and beautiful in the manner he tells what he sees—what then?"

"He will help the trunk-makers—unless he has friends to speak of him, and friends in whose opinion the world has some confidence,—it's all a mistake, Mr. Hyams, to think that books, more than any other merchandize, can be sold without advertisement. Good wine, ye'll say, needs no bush; but the quality of the wine must have been tasted. Over and above all, Mr. Hyams, it is not enough that the quality be good, it must have been relished; for I need not tell a gentleman of your long experience, that the best of all sorts of new things, whether books or wines, do not often please at first: the taste of the public must be in a manner educated to enjoy them; and that's a process of time."

"Your remarks are judicious—very, Mr. Wooden, very; and, to let you into the secret, I am not asking all these questions out of curiosity, nor for myself; but I have a friend, a young man of singular talent

"Was he famous at his university?"

"I cannot exactly answer that question; but he is able to have been so."

"That's not enough: a young man, who has not had a name among his companions at the college, has no chance."

"And yet, Mr. Wooden, how many authors of the highest fame have had no juvenile celebrity!—how many have had no renown till late in life!"

"Just so; when ye say late in life, ye only tell us how hard it is to climb into reputation. Nay, nay, Mr. Hyams, don't flatter your friend that he'll find the course smoother than those who have gone before: without friends and trumpeters, he must reckon on small gains. Early profits come of patronage in all professions: renown is begotten of time as well as merit."

"But I thought the booksellers were now the patrons of the authors."

"So they are, after the authors have established themselves."

"But it is in the beginning and outset that patrons are most needed."

"Quite true: but surely, sir, ye would not expect merit to be patronised till it has made itself known;—ye would not expect a bookseller to patronise a bare lad of genius in an untimely manner. What have the booksellers to do with poets more than the butchers with lambs, or the poulterers with larks?"

"Do they put them to death?"

"That's very jocose, Mr. Hyams; but to come to the point: unless your friend have friends that can promulgate him, he'll do but little good. Nobody should be authors that have not a backing in men or money; all trades need capital, and those that have to live by their calling must dine sparingly without it. It's no' the best books, but those that best sell, which reward their makers. I have heard of a cookery book, that was such a mine of wealth to the publisher, that a topping man of the Row used to call it the Iliad of cocks and hens; for, among other things, it was grand ancient poultry."

After all, Stanley Buxton is inferior in sustained merit to many of its author's previous works;—it appears to be more "made up" and of less materials;—as if two volumes would have suited its natural dimensions much better than three. Another fault we have to find with it, and one which we have had more than once to deprecate in other similar works of fiction, is the continual dragging in of letters between second and third parties, recapitulating events which had much better have followed in the usual narrative style.—"What then took place, is described in a letter which, by the next post, he wrote to his friend in London;—"but a letter which his son soon after wrote to his old schoolfellow, Ralston, gives a better account of the scene that ensued, than could any second-hand description," &c. &c. are the quaint apologies with which these epistles are introduced.

"A GOSSIPING VOLUME."

Memoirs of Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglas. Written by himself. 2 Vols. Colburn and Bentley.

This is what the newspaper critics call "a gossiping volume," that is, one full of private anecdotes, not always unmixed with scandal, which could find publicity under no other shape.

These books were generally entertaining, and well adapted for a passing half hour; and Sir James Campbell's, the last published of the kind, will probably enjoy a share of patronage rather larger than is their usual fate. He seems to have been a jolly old soldier, engaged in active service at an early age, during the seven years war, and, subsequently, in many actions by flood and field. Redoubtable as he was in war, he must have been doubly dangerous with the shafts of Cupid, considering that he led four willing wives to the altar; the last when he was in his seventy-fourth year! These matrimonial confessions are pleasantly given; indeed, the whole work is penned

in an agreeable and lively style, as will be seen from the selections that follow:—

Voltaire at Ferney.—"During our residence at Geneva, I became intimately acquainted with M. Hubert, a man of singular but eccentric genius. He was at once a man of fashion and fortune, a decided humourist, and an amateur artist of considerable celebrity. His paintings were universally admired as efforts of genius; but his favourite amusement was to cut out scenes and figures in vellum, so as to give it the effect of a landscape, or any other style of painting. I brought many of his performances with me to England, where they did not fail to elicit the most flattering marks of admiration."

"M. Hubert was a great personal friend of Voltaire, and he did me the favour to introduce me at Ferney, and to carry me frequently with him to dine at that celebrated spot. Voltaire had a noble estate, with a profusion of game, which I fear was more attractive in my eyes than all the philosophy which was to be acquired from my distinguished host. His invitations, however, if frankly given, were as frankly accepted; and I often made his permission available to shoot over his preserves, and to dine with him on my return."

"It was the fashion of the period to treat Voltaire as a sort of demi-god, and to regard every thing he did as the work of a being of some superior order. I had the misfortune to be exempt from this universal feeling of adoration, perhaps from national dislike; or rather, perhaps, from personal inability to place due value on the great man's merits. If the world at large were sufficiently ready to bow the knee to this divinity of their own creation, Voltaire was not less willing to

'Assume the God,
Affect to nod,
And seem to shake the spheres.'

"This was equally observable in small matters as in great. In cutting up a partridge which was placed before him at table, I observed that he first thrust his fork into it, and then put the fork into his mouth, apparently to ascertain if the *fumette* was as he would have it. He then proceeded to cut it up, and sent a part of it to me. I sent it away without eating of it; and, on his asking the reason, I told him the true one, without any circumlocution, that in carving the partridge, he had used a fork which had just been in his own mouth. On this he observed that the English were a strange people, and had singular customs; adding a peculiar laugh of the sardonic kind, which was his custom when anything displeased him. This little scene, however, did not prevent me from occasionally dining with him, or from shooting over his estate."

"Madame Clairon, perhaps the most distinguished actress that ever graced the boards of the French stage, was on a visit to Geneva during my residence there; and Voltaire, having a private theatre at Ferney, expressed his desire that his play of *Lusignan* should be performed. Some French actors were found to fill up the *dramatis personæ*, reserving for himself the character of

Lusignan, the hero of the piece. His appearance and costume were altogether the most preposterous it is possible to conceive. Only think of his tall gaunt figure, with a sword of corresponding dimensions, constantly getting between his legs. His coat was of the era of Louis XIV., with a tie-wig to correspond, the whole surmounted by a huge paste-board helmet, in the most absurd and ridiculous taste. To resist a titter at the extreme awkwardness of his figure, was beyond all power of face; and it required no small exertion to smother the tendency of a general laugh, so as to hinder it from coming to an *éclat*. Next day it was a point of indispensable etiquette for the invited guests to pay their compliments at Ferney, and administer a *quantum sufficit* of adulation on the histrionic talents of the representative of Lusignan; for that was a point on which he was much more sensitive than on the poetical merits of the drama itself."

"Of the battle of Warbourg, which took place soon after the affair of Emsdorff, I cannot say much from my own personal observation; as, in the first charge of cavalry, which was made at five o'clock in the morning, I had my horse killed under me, and was wounded in five different places—two of them gun-shot wounds, one from a bayonet, and two slight cuts. The place where I had fallen was on a ploughed field, and I lay there without assistance till six o'clock in the evening, that is, for thirteen hours. It may appear extraordinary to those who have not suffered severely, that, notwithstanding the pain of my wounds, I was not prevented from sleeping soundly. Indeed I was only awoke, some time after mid-day—it was towards the end of July—by the rays of the sun beating intensely on my uncovered head, my steel skull-cap having fallen off. When I came to understand the nature of my situation, I found a French officer sitting by me, who seemed, from his orders, to be a man of rank. He said that he would give the world for a glass of water, and I replied that my thirst also was unspeakable, which indeed it was; but whether it arose from my anxiety before the action, or from causes merely physical, I do not profess to be able to decide. While speaking to the French officer, I observed my sword lying at a little distance, and as it had been a favourite, I endeavoured to crawl towards it to secure it, but after repeated efforts I found myself unequal to the task. At this moment I saw the French gentleman fall back and expire. Of the various orders which he carried I took one, the Cross of St. Louis, and afterwards gave it to my mother, who wore it during her lifetime, as a trinket, at her watch-chain."

"The next object which attracted my attention was a young man whom I recognised as a dragoon of my own regiment. His wound had produced mental imbecility, which was strikingly depicted on his countenance, and was, besides, perceptible by his manner of playing with a clod of the ploughed field. Soon afterwards he also expired."

"Having by this time come perfectly to

myself, I perceived that we had gained the day, in consequence of observing that the firing had advanced a great way in front of the spot where I had fallen, although it was still heavy to the right of the line. I shall be pardoned for mentioning, that in the midst of this scene of death, I felt no more alarm than I do at this moment. I confess, indeed, that my satisfaction at the success of the Allied arms was not unmingled with some selfish considerations; for I inferred that I should be more speedily attended to than if we had lost the day; and to have remained all night on the ploughed field, without assistance, might have been more than my strength could have sustained, after so much loss of blood. Although such were my feelings at the moment, I must not omit to mention, in justice to the French character, that they, as well as others, were accustomed, after a battle, to gather up the wounded of both sides indiscriminately."

"Of course, I had become perfectly stiff from the blood having clotted about my wounds; and when I was taken up to be put into one of the carts, I felt such excruciating pain, that the soldiers carried me on a blanket to one of the nearest villages, which had been converted into temporary hospitals. The bayonet wound was much the longest of healing; and it was so situated, that the surgeon found it necessary to cut it open; but my constitution being naturally good, I was able to return to my duty before the end of the campaign."

Hint for Bettors.—"In all my intercourse with General Scott, I found him uniformly good-natured and obliging. When I received my commission, the regiment was stationed at Coventry, and he was so good as to carry me with him when it became my duty to join. As an instance of his easy disposition, considering the style of play to which he is understood to have been accustomed, I may mention how much he seemed to enjoy himself with his officers at a rubber of sixpenny whist. He seemed on all occasions to be perfectly sensible of the evils of gaming; and, as far as his influence could be supposed to operate, he discouraged it in the regiment earnestly and systematically. On one occasion, I remember, when walking out with one or two of his junior officers, whom he believed to be addicted to play, the conversation chanced to turn on the odd appearance of a dog-kennel, and on the form and number of the tiles with which it was covered. It was proposed by some one as the subject of a bet, which, with some people in the world, is admitted at all times as a succedaneum, or a stimulant to conversation, that the general would not name a number so near to the true one as he who had proposed the wager. This led to a sort of sweepstakes of a considerable amount, when each of the gentlemen having made his nomination, some were found to be above, and some below the mark; but the number named by the general was observed to be precisely the true one. 'Now,' said he, 'my young friends, observe the disadvantages which you must ever encounter, if you allow yourselves to hazard your money so easily. In making the bet with you

I had one small advantage which another might not have acknowledged: *I counted the tiles of the dog-kennel yesterday morning.*"

Lord Carhampton and Colonel Luttrell.—"The father and son had long been at daggers-drawing, and it is known that the earl so far forgot himself, in a fit of exasperation, as to send a challenge to his son to fight a duel. 'If you can again forget that I am your father,' such were the words of this extraordinary message, 'I expect you to meet me,' &c. &c. The answer of Colonel Luttrell was not less extraordinary. 'My lord,' he said, 'I wish I could at any time forget that you are my father.'"

Anecdote of Lord Tyrawley.—"The corporation of Bath had become dissatisfied with the part he had taken in public affairs, after he had been for some time their representative, and sent him a letter of remonstrance on the subject, to which he laconically replied,—'Mr. Mayor and Corporation, ye rascals, I bought ye, and by G— I'll sell ye!'"

SQUARING OF THE CIRCLE.

The Quadrature of the Circle Discovered.
By Arthur Parsey.

It had been well for our young author had he credited the high authority he alludes to in page 5, which authority justly assures us that the "geometric and algebraic quadrature of the circle has been repeatedly demonstrated to be impossible." We find several propositions quoted from Legendre's Geometry, the demonstrations of which are perfect, but which the writer immediately turns round and asserts to be all wrong. Mr. Parsey has confused himself by attempting to conceive the form of an infinitely small circle, and appears to have forgotten that if the circumference of a circle be supposed divisible into an infinite number of parts, those parts must be infinitely small:—he pursues a method of approximation considerably less accurate than that in common use, and obtains for the circumference of a circle, radius 1, the number 3,0625, instead of 3,1415926, which is the number in general use; the error is so large, being very nearly equal to one-tenth, that we have no doubt he might discover it by means of a common carpenter's rule. We are anxious not to be harsh with our young author; but at the same time must assure him that all he has done is radically wrong, and advise him, for the future, to pursue such branches of learning only as are independent of mathematical reasoning.

RANDOM READINGS.

MARRIAGES IN KURDISTAN.

THE following interesting anecdote is extracted from Jaubert's "*Voyage en Perse*," and affords a curious illustration of the simplicity of manners still existing in some countries of the East.

"Marriage, among the Kurds, whether residing in towns, or wandering abroad, is preceded by betrothment, which is celebrated with as much pomp as the nuptials themselves, and is in fact considered as

forming an indissoluble tie. Love or esteem is rarely among the motives which influence the choice of a Kurd. No one among them, whatever be his rank or age, can be married without the consent of his parents. The following instance is a proof of this, and will likewise show the extent to which parental authority is carried in Kurdistan, and the high degree of respect in which misfortune is held there.

"Mahommed Aga was governor of the fortress in which I was imprisoned at Bayazia. Born amidst a wayward race, he yet continued virtuous. His friends had more than once experienced the wisdom of his counsels, and his enemies still feared the vigour of his arm. He had a grandson named Hussein, who, amongst a nation of courageous men, was already famed for his valour. Hussein wished to unite his fortunes with those of a girl of whom he was enamoured; but he could not obtain the consent of his grandfather, and his refusal was an invincible obstacle to the accomplishment of his wishes. Prayers and tears were vainly employed to move the inflexible old man; even the authority of the Pasha failed, and every effort was useless. The lover was in despair; and his relatives and friends were at a loss what other means to employ, in order to draw from Mahommed Aga the consent so much desired, when it was suddenly remembered that an unfortunate stranger had long sighed in fetters. It was thought that the voice of the weak and oppressed would not be heard in vain; they came therefore to entreat my intercession in favour of Hussein, and I consented. I could not at first conceive that Mahommed Aga, who had thus far resisted all entreaties, would yield to the solicitations of one who must be regarded by him as an infidel. However, I spoke on the plea of hospitality. 'Stranger,' replied the venerable Aga, 'my wishes and my interest are opposed to what you request. I have seen the tears of a suppliant family flow; I have heard the threatenings of a stern master, and I have remained firm.—But the prayer of a guest is sacred. The voice of the wretched is the voice of Providence, and his wish is a resistless mandate. Thou wilt it—these lovers shall be united: but remember, that this favour is the greatest which it is in my power to grant. Believe me, that if I blush not, spite of my grey hairs, to yield to thy youth and inexperience, it is because I respect thy captivity, and believe that to behave with humility before him whom misfortune overwhelms, is to do that which is agreeable to God himself. My son, let this example be a lesson to thee. If ever again thou beholdest thy native sky, thy country and thy kindred, if ever thou hast an opportunity of benefiting thy fellow creatures, forget not that the most pleasing accompaniment of power is generous deeds.' The interview was here interrupted by Hussein, who, impatient to know his fate, had watched and overheard every thing. Filled with gratitude he threw himself into the arms of his grandfather. As for me, shut up in my prison, I could not be a witness of the happiness of the two lovers, who were

betrothed the next day, and the celebration of the nuptials followed soon afterwards. Large vessels were filled with mead, which, according to the custom of the country, was distributed to the people at the castle gate. They sent me a bowl of this kind of sherbet crowned with a garland of flowers, and thus from the depth of my prison I shared in the general joy."

TRADE WINDS.

There are few things more curious in the history of human knowledge than the establishment of extensive errors as to matters of fact, and the perverse tenacity with which they retain their hold on the public mind. In some cases, it would almost seem that the pleasure which springs from genuine philosophical inquiry is subordinate to that which arises from the indolent process of taking things for granted. This, among numerous other instances, applies peculiarly to the phenomena of the Trade-winds, respecting which many erroneous ideas are generally entertained. To professional men these fallacies are calculated to prove extremely mischievous; while even to persons not directly connected with the sea, the existence of error may often be injurious.

A correct, and, at the same time, an extensive knowledge of all the facts connected with the Trade-winds, is to be acquired, I suspect, only by personal experience. But the main characteristics may easily be described; and these, when viewed side by side with such theoretical explanations as are agreeable to physical laws, which have been found applicable to all cases, may serve to enable even inexperienced navigators to predict pretty nearly, and often with the greatest practical advantage, what winds they are likely to meet with.

The great belt of the earth's surface, nearly three thousand miles in width, lying between the tropics, (from $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ north to $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ south latitude,) is the chief region of the Trade-winds; though in some parts of the world they extend to the latitude of 28° both north and south of the equator; while at other places well within the tropics, and even close to the line, totally different winds prevail. It is only in the open parts of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans that the Trade-winds blow. In the Indian and China seas, and in many other portions of the great tropical belt, periodical winds, called Monsoons, are found. These shifting Trades exact the closest study from the practical navigator, in consequence of their extensive variety and seeming complication. But they are not less deserving the attention of merely curious inquirers, from the beautiful manner in which these modifications of the regular breezes obey the same general laws which direct the grand phenomena of the Trades. Indeed, the most extensive observation serves only to link the whole into one harmonious chain or series of explanations, equally delightful to the philosopher, useful to seamen, and grateful, we may suppose, to every right mind in every station, from exhibiting one of the grandest specimens of the uniformity and exquisite adaptation of Nature, even in those departments

miscalled 'inconstant,' where she is supposed to be most capricious.

The only general assertion, perhaps, that can safely be made with respect to the Trade-winds is, that they blow, more or less, from the eastern half of the compass towards the western. On the north side of the equator, the north-east Trade wind blows; and on the south side, the south-east Trade-wind. These two names have undoubtedly contributed to mistify the subject, by naturally suggesting to the imagination currents of air blowing respectively from the north-east and the south-east, or at an angle of 45° with the meridian. And I have even seen sailors—old sailors, too—quite surprised, and rather provoked, when they have encountered very different winds in those parts of their voyage where, being misled by the force of names alone, they had taught themselves to expect a regular breeze from a particular quarter. But, in point of fact, the Trade-winds do very seldom blow directly from north-east and south-east; neither are they uniform in their direction on the same spot at different seasons of the year, nor is their strength uniform from month to month. I may add, that the equatorial limits, or bounding lines, of the Trades are not steadily confined to the same latitude. In short, so far from these winds being perfectly fixed in direction, force, and position, as most people on shore, and too many sailors imagine, they are subject to very considerable mutations, dependent on the position of the sun. Their vast importance in commerce need only be mentioned; yet it is also well to recollect, that their nautical value, as well as philosophical curiosity, turns mainly on their uniformity, which, in spite of all the fluctuations alluded to, gives them a very distinctive character.

In Dr. Young's chart of the winds, published in his 'Natural Philosophy,' plates xlii. and xliii., vol. i., the Trade-winds are represented as blowing nearly from the north-east and south-east till they approach the equator, when they are made to take a graceful bend, and flow along in lines parallel to the equinoctial line. Under the general head of Winds, vol. ii. p. 455, Dr. Young states from Robertson, that 'near the equator the Trade blows from due east.' This is very wide of the truth, as I shall presently show, and also endeavour to explain why.

Hadley, in a valuable paper on the 'Cause of the general Trade-winds,' in the 'Philosophical Transactions for 1735,' falls into similar errors in stating some of the facts; which is the more curious, since his theory is unquestionably the true one. He states, that 'these winds, as they come nearer the equator, will become stronger, and more and more easterly, and be due east at the equator itself, according to experience.'

Where Hadley obtained his 'experience' he does not tell; but certain it is, that no sailor who ever crossed the equinoctial line could possibly have furnished him with two of his principal assertions in the above sentence. In the first place, the Trades are not strongest near the equator; and, in the

next, when they reach that district, they never blow along it, or in a parallel direction, but almost always at right angles to it.

If the earth had no motion on its axis, but were surrounded, as at present, with an atmosphere, and if the sun moved round and round it exactly above the equator without varying his declination, the following effects would ensue:—that portion of the earth lying, say thirty degrees, on each side of the equator, being more exposed to the action of the sun than those further from it, would become much warmer; while the superincumbent air, being greatly heated by the contact, would expand, or become specifically lighter, and would consequently rise. The adjacent air, both on the north and south, being cooler, and, of course, heavier, would rush in to supply the place of the heated air. This air, coming from the regions beyond the tropics, would, in its turn, be heated on reaching the warmer equatorial regions, and rise, giving place to a fresh supply, which, it is easy to see, must be furnished by the descent of that portion of air formerly heated at the equator, raised into the cold regions of the sky, and forced into a regular circuit by fresh elevations of heated air.

It will be understood, that, as long as we imagine the globe at rest while this circulation is going on, the course of the lower air along the surface would be directly towards the equator, from due north in one hemisphere, and from due south in the other; while in the upper regions the currents would follow the opposite directions, and stream towards the poles. But the instant we conceive the earth put into rotatory motion from west to east, a change would take place in the course of these aerial currents, both above and below. It must be recollected, that a volume of air, when once put in motion, will move on, like any other body, by the mere force of its own momentum, till that motion is destroyed by its friction against the substances along or through which it is impelled. Any one who has observed the ring of smoke sometimes projected from the mouth of a cannon, will be sensible that this is true. The familiar experiment, also, of blowing out a candle by means of the air forced from the barrel of an uncharged fowling-piece, on firing at its touch-hole one of the copper priming-caps now in use, affords a popular illustration of the fact of a mass of air retaining its motion for some time, when once acted upon.

It may also be of use, before going further, to consider, that if the globe, instead of being unequally heated, as we know that it is, were equally heated at all parts, from pole to pole, and being surrounded by an atmosphere, were then made to revolve on its axis, it would carry the atmosphere round with it, exactly at the rate at which it was itself going. That portion of the air in contact with the equator would move about 1000 miles in one hour, while that in latitude 90° would be as motionless as the poles themselves.—*Basil Hall's Fragments.*

POETRY.

A THOUGHT.

I know not, but in grief there often lurks
A tenderness that blunts its keener edge,
And makes us love to woo it for a while,
When the heart feels an aching void within,
And has no zest for joy. And what is joy
But a wild ferment of the excited mind,
Which the least breath of sorrow overturns,
And chases from us, like the vapoury mist,
Which flees before the rising summer sun?
I court it not;—it is a hollow friend
That only smiles to win us and betray:
Grief is far honest—he flatters not,
And in his smiles there is no treachery.

Attala and other Poems.

BIOGRAPHY.

BERZELIUS.

A year or two ago, English science had to deplore the loss of three of its most illustrious luminaries—Davy, Wollaston, and Young. Amid the regret which was universally excited by their death, some consolation was found in the reflection, that the phalanx of the continental philosophers remained unbroken; but this idea can now no longer be indulged in; the same post which brought this week intelligence of the death of Goethe, the patriarch of German literature, conveyed also the unwelcome news that Berzelius, the eminent chemist of Sweden, and, perhaps, since the loss of the three eminent Englishmen, the first scientific character of his age—was no more.

Although he had begun to complain of the advances of age, Berzelius was but a year or two over fifty at the time of his decease. In his early days, he determined to qualify himself for the medical profession, for which purpose he went to the University of Upsal. At the Swedish Universities it is the custom, in addition to the lectures, to allow the students to attend and operate at the laboratory. Berzelius was so disgusted with his first two tasks in chemical manipulation, that he vowed never to ask to have another assigned him; yet, at the end of three weeks, he found himself in the habit of daily attendance at the laboratory (although the rules restricted him to a visit once a week,) while his instructors were annoyed that he never asked them a single question; the truth was, he preferred taking the trouble of discovering facts for himself to hearing them from others; and to the habit thus acquired of fighting a way for himself, and of early contending with the difficulties of experimental research, may be attributed much of the high reputation to which he afterwards attained.

After leaving the university, he became assistant to Sparrman, who sailed round the world with Captain Cook; and on his death, in 1806, succeeded him as professor of medicine, botany, and chemistry, in the school of medicine at Stockholm. He never, however, lectured on botany; and at a later period, when fresh professors were appointed, took the chair of chemical pharmacy only. At first, his medical lectures were better attended than his chemical; but when he improved the latter by the addition of experiments (of which before they were destitute,) the tables were completely turned. For the idea of this improvement, Berzelius admitted

himself indebted to Dr. Marcet, of London.

When he began his labours at Upsal, the whole science of chemistry was merely a crude mass of theories, loosely banded together by a cumbrous weight of hypothesis on hypothesis. Berzelius demolished the whole, and by his exertions re-established the science on its true foundation, and gave to experiment the place of theory.

In Germany, Berzelius was better known than in England, a fact which may easily be believed when it is known that all his works have appeared, either originally or by translation, in German; he was also not without honour in his own country. Every educated man in Sweden felt proud at the mention of his name, (except, perhaps, the Professors of the rival medical school at Upsal,) and the king, (Bernadotte,) conferred upon him the cross of the Order of Vasa, and the grand cross of the Polar Star, besides placing at his disposal the patronage of the chemical and medical professorships of the kingdom,—a privilege which he always exercised with a pure regard to the interests of science. Though a member of the House of Peers, he preserved himself free from the contagion of party; and never suffered his scientific pursuits to be interrupted by the "heady current" of politics.

Berzelius had nothing extraordinary in his outward appearance, not wearing even the air of a hard student; and his conduct differed little from that of ordinary men, except, perhaps, in excessive amiability. He was troubled with the gout, and a complaint of the nature of *tic-douloureux*; but his ordinary state of health, up, at least, to a pretty recent period, was good, and gave promise of a much longer life. He himself, however, seemed to perceive the approach of decay, and, finding that both his eyesight and his memory began to fail, he retired from the professional chair in the winter of 1830, although he continued to be secretary to the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, an office need, we believe, for life. In the buildings belonging to this institution, Berzelius had his residence and his laboratory, and it was here that he received the visits of the scientific men of Europe, with whom, and the most distinguished men of letters, he kept up a most extensive correspondence. He was a man of incessant application, being daily engaged in study and experiment for twelve or fourteen successive hours. When occupied in writing, he would sometimes not visit his laboratory for so much as six months; yet, if he came to a subject darker than usual, his instant resource was to experiment, which he would then pursue without intermission until his object was attained. For this alternate writing and experimenting, his apartments were peculiarly adapted; his desk, his furnaces, and his retorts, were all collected within the space of a few square feet.

The works of Berzelius are very numerous and valuable; and the more widely known, that they are written in several of the European languages. To the yearly report (*Arsberättelse*) of the Swedish A

demy, on the progress of science, he always contributed the article on chemistry, which would, perhaps, have remained comparatively unknown to the great mass of students, had not the whole report been regularly translated into German. In the latter language he also contributed to many of the scientific journals, scarcely a single number of which, for many years, has failed to be enriched with a communication from his hand. To Brewster's, and some other English Cyclopædias, he was likewise a contributor. His principal works, however, were his treatises on chemistry and mineralogy; of the former of these a translation was recently announced at Paris, which was to receive the benefit of the revision and correction of the author. His best known work in England was perhaps his excellent *Treatise on the Blowpipe*, the translation of which, by Mr. Children, has run through several editions.—*Mech. Mag.*

GOETHE.

On the 28th of March the remains of Goethe were interred at Weimar, by the side of those of Schiller. On the same day, the theatre, which had been closed since the announcement of his death, reopened with his own *Torquato Tasso*.

Like Tasso, Goethe himself now belongs to the past. Perhaps of all the distinguished men with whom literary history makes us acquainted, there are no two more dissimilar than these in character and fate. The romantic fervour of the Italian is strongly contrasted with the coldness almost amounting to indifference, with which the German seems to have regarded all but the literary exertions of his times, though he lived to see his native country enslaved by a foreign invader, and that invader finally expelled by the indignant rising of the nations he oppressed; events of mighty—nay, of unprecedented importance and interest, but on which the acknowledged head of the literature of Germany never poured forth his soul. The disturbed and tumultuous course of the life of Tasso is also placed in strong opposition with the calm and unvaried tranquillity enjoyed by Goethe amid the storms which, for a considerable period, shook the world around him, amid the moral and political tempests which heralded and followed "the Battle of the Emperors" in 1805, and "the Battle of the Nations" in 1813. The works of Tasso also frequently breathe a spirit of the warmest patriotism, of love of his native country and his native language,—while Goethe, in his raptures on Italy, frequently speaks with a contempt, like Byron, of "the cloudy clime where he was born;" and at one period of his life conceived the idea of writing all his future works in French, a project which, it was said, he afterwards regretted that he had not followed up, to secure to his works a wider circulation, and more extended fame.

An author who writes in German, does indeed suffer under many disadvantages in regard to the establishment of his fame. "That language," as Schlegel remarks in his unpublished letter to Sir James Mackintosh, (written by him in French, but which

will, we hope, make its appearance in English,) "is unknown in the south and west of Europe,"—and for this deficiency, its familiarity to the readers of the north and east, of Russia, Sweden and Denmark, can of course by no means compensate. In France and England, Goethe's was pre-eminently a hear-say reputation. Of all his works "The Sorrows of Werter" was the only one that enjoyed a general circulation here, and that in so garbled a translation, that the author would have immediately disclaimed it. The translation of "Faust," by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, he actually did disclaim, though in the alterations he made for the English public, the translator conferred on him a favour. Had "Faust" appeared here just as he wrote it,—those who have read it in German can guess how it would have been received. His other works, though presented in much more accurate versions, not one in a hundred to whom his name was familiar as "the Great Author of Germany" had even seen. The praises lavished on Wilhelm Meister in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Foreign Review*, never brought it into favour at the circulating libraries; and "Goetz of Berlichingen" has been suffered to remain these twenty years out of print.

The case is very different with those two English writers of the present century, who have acquired the most extensive fame. Of the French appreciation of the merits of Lord Byron we are apt indeed to entertain some doubt when we find that "the Vampire" was the work which first attracted the attention of our neighbours, or read a few pages of their prose travesty of "Don Juan." But at all events, though the graces of expression may be lost in their numerous versions, the French must by that means be rendered familiar with the majestic thoughts and splendid descriptions of the English poet. The beauties of Scott are, perhaps, more capable of being transferred into a foreign language, from their being chiefly couched in prose;—and the frequent reference to his productions in the works of modern foreign authors, shows how familiar those beauties must have become to the body of modern foreign readers. To the public, not only of England but of France, a reference to particular passages in the works of Goethe would in general be unintelligible.

The nature of Goethe's reputation accounts for the marked indifference with which the news of his death has been received in England; though the important nature of the events which are now agitating Europe may have contributed, in a great measure, to produce this effect. At the death of Byron, the struggle which he was assisting in Greece was the only one that disturbed the general tranquillity of Europe, then more intent on literature than politics—the news of the death of Goethe has found London and Paris agitated by politics, apprehensive of war, and attacked with pestilence.

Goethe has left behind him a number of works which his executor, Dr. Echermann, is to prepare for the press. The English public may, perhaps, expect an account of

his life from Mr. Carlyle, his personal friend, the translator of some of his works, and the biographer of Schiller. That gentleman was acquainted with him in the best and most interesting part of his career, when at an advanced age he still retained all his love and attention to literature; when, though more than three score years and ten, he diversified his leisure hours by the study of Servian, Persian, and Arabic, and even found time to write letters of friendly encouragement to foreign,—to English artists, whom he thought less known than their merits deserved.

H.

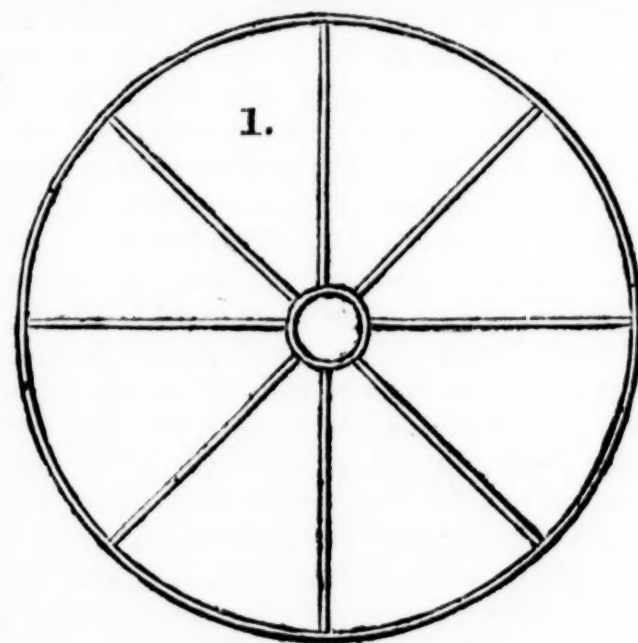
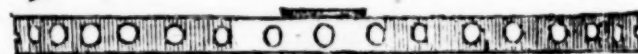
In our article on Goethe, in last number, read "miniature capital," for "maritime capital."

SCIENCE AND ART.

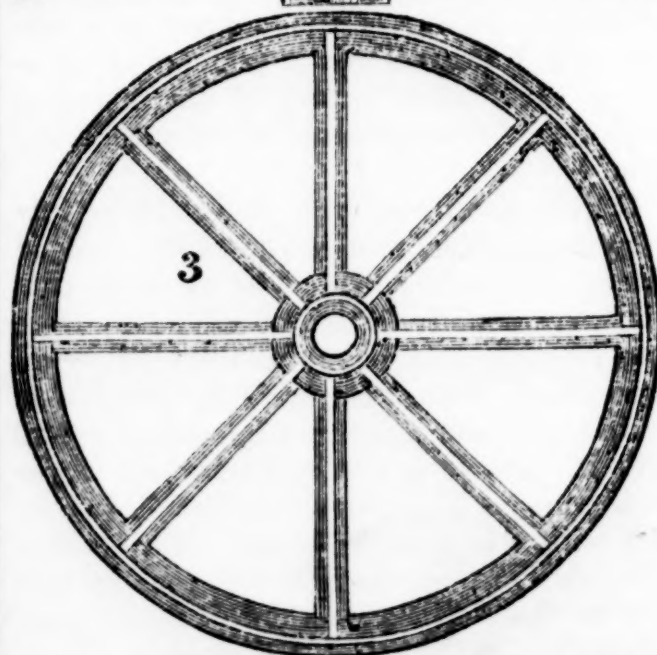
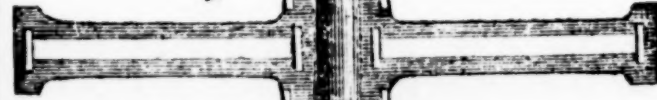
FORRESTER'S IMPROVED WHEELS.

THIS invention consists in a peculiar mode of combining cast iron, with malleable iron, in the construction of wheels of all descriptions, except those of very small dimensions, as those of clocks and watches; and in the application of the same principle or process of construction, in making the framing of steam engines and machinery, the arches of bridges, and in every case where cast iron framing may be employed, or wherein great strength and lightness are desirable.

2



4



The mode adopted by the patentee is,

first to make a skeleton or light frame of wrought iron or steel, of the shape of the articles required, but of considerably less dimensions as respects the thickness. This skeleton to be polished, freed from oxide, and perfectly cleaned by grinding, scouring, or filing, so as to adapt it to receive a coating of lead, bismuth, tin, zinc, or any mixture of those metals; as in the process of "tinning." The article to be cast having been moulded in sand or loam in the common way, the skeleton, coated as before mentioned, is carefully laid in the middle of the respective parts of the mould, projecting pieces being attached to the skeleton to keep it in its proper place. The mould is now to be closed, and the cavities formed by the pattern are to be filled up with fluid cast iron, which completes the operation.

The above cuts illustrate the construction of one of the leading objects of the invention, that of wheels for railway carriages; and will also satisfactorily explain the mode of applying the principle to the other purposes mentioned in the specification.

Fig. 1 exhibits a side view of the wrought-iron skeleton framing. Fig. 2 an edge or outside view of the peripheral ring of the skeleton, showing its proportional breadth, and that it contains a number of holes made throughout the circumference, whereby to pour the fluid iron, which will then fix itself in a solid mass round the skeleton. Fig. 3 represents a section of the wheel in the line of its motion; the part left white, showing the skeleton embodied in the cast iron which surrounds it. Fig. 4 shows a section of the wheel through its diameter, including two of the spokes.

"By this mode of enveloping wrought iron or steel skeletons of the shape of the intended article with cast iron," says the *Register of Arts*, "the latter material is not injured in its tenacity, while the former is considerably improved; and the important qualities of toughness and infrangibility are introduced into forms more perfect, and structures more solid, than can be obtained in wrought iron alone; these advantages are likewise obtained at an immaterial increase of cost. As respects its most obvious application, that of wheels to railway carriages, it seems to be just the 'one thing needful.' We do not see how such wheels can be easily destroyed, and they admit of any degree of stability being conferred upon them at one half or one third the expense of wrought iron. We shall be happy to hear of Mr. Forrester having introduced his patent improvement in the construction of the framing of the roofs of buildings."

FINE ARTS.

WANT of room prevents our noticing the exhibition of old masters at Exeter Hall, and one or two more pictures in the Suffolk Street Gallery.

The Poacher's Confederate. Painted by Charles Hancock. Drawn on Stone by Thomas Fairland.

A fine large dog carrying off a hare. We believe the original drawing may be seen in

the exhibition of the British Artists this year. It is very neatly lithographed.

The Return to the Village. Destouches pinxet. Drawn on Stone by Thomas L. W. Fairland.

AN affecting domestic subject;—of repentance and forgiveness. The composition is well conceived, and the grouping judiciously distributed;—some of the faces, perhaps, wanting depth of expression commensurate with the intense interest of the moment.

J. P. Kemble as Rolla. Sir Thomas Lawrence pinx.; J. P. Quillet, sc.

A spirited mezzotint, after the late president's fine portrait of Kemble;—the expression of which is well preserved.

MUSIC.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday, after long announcement, Signor Vaccai's *Giulietta e Romeo* was produced with success. It was an effective performance, and though abounding in plagiarisms from well-known sources, exhibited much taste and talent in the arrangement and adaptation. There were one or two striking chorusses, a good quartette, in the first act, and a very beautiful duet between *Romeo* and *Juliet*, on their first meeting, which was encored. Madame Grandolfi, the new debutante in the character of *Romeo*, exhibits considerable personal attractions, which were enhanced by the rich and elegant dress in which she walked. Her manner and action was dignified and graceful, and her singing, considering the apology that was made for her on the score of indisposition, of a good and promising quality. On her first entrance she was evidently labouring under considerable nervous disability, and sang rather flat, but in the beautiful duet already mentioned, which followed, she rallied very much and with success. Mad. De Meric's *Giulietta* was a charming performance throughout, (with the exception of the final scream, which was rather ineffective,) and will certainly increase her reputation. The other characters were well played, and the opera went off well; the two ladies and the composer being called for on the fall of the curtain. We were afterwards treated to some of the most exquisite and original dancing we ever beheld. Madame Brugnoli has a style peculiarly her own, grace in all her attitudes, and a rapidity and apparent facility of change, which we have certainly never seen surpassed. She stands upon her toe-nail in a most surprising manner,—turns with alacrity and precision upon both toes at once, and pirouettes with a very neat accompaniment of *battemens*. Samengo, her husband, is almost still more astonishing;—his symmetry of person, agility and grace, were well worthy the admiration they received. Never was more sympathy in dancing than with these two, and never was louder or longer continued applause heard within the walls of the King's Theatre.

PHILHARMONIC FOURTH CONCERT.

MR. MOSCHELES made his debut in the character of conductor, and acquitted himself

with credit to himself, and satisfaction to his audience. On this occasion he treated us to a new *Sinfonia*, complete in every department, and full of beautiful and chaste melodies, reminding us occasionally of Beethoven. It was admirably instrumented, and equally well played, and produced very considerable effect. A *Fantasia Clarinet*, with variations, composed by Baermann, was a second-rate production, played in first-rate style by Willman, and accordingly applauded. Beethoven's brilliant and effective overture to *Egmont* concluded the first act, and the second opened with Haydn's *Sinfonia*, letter R, which was certainly the finest performance of the evening. Nothing could be wished beyond the general execution of the band, and the delightful solo for the flute in the third movement was so beautifully given by Nicholson, as to call forth an unanimous encore. Dragonetti's magnificent tones in the *finale* were the very *chef-d'œuvre* of cat gut. After this, we are sorry that we cannot compliment Mr. Eliason on his performance of Beethoven's beautiful concerto for the violin, never was a composition so unfairly treated, and never was the patience of the audience more severely put to the test than in three quarters of an hour which it occupied. If the directors could not find any body to play it better, they should have omitted it altogether; why was it not assigned to Mori? Our list of the instrumental performances concludes with Mozart's overture of *Zauberflöte*, which was capitally played. On turning to the vocal entertainments, we have a slight, and a very slight improvement to record. Braham gave Neukomm's "David's Lament," with spirit and feeling, stretching now and then his voice to the verge of that precipice, down which we have more than once sat in dread of seeing it topple, yet just saving it in time, and gaining great applause. The orchestral arrangements of this composition are masterly in the extreme. As for Madame Puzzi, if she were not of that sex to whom all of us owe gallant and gentle dealing, we should have hissed her most heartily for so spoiling the aria, *Deh per Questo*, (from *La Clemenza di Tito*), than which nothing can be imagined much worse. Madame Stockhausen we never heard in finer voice, and her execution of *Dove Sono*, (from the *Nozze di Figaro*), was full of taste and feeling, and met with great applause. Altogether this concert was of a very respectable quality, and, to all appearance, gave general satisfaction.

ORATORIO AT DRURY LANE.

THE Lenten musical performances have been as rapidly on the decline, of late years, as the legitimate drama, whose place they are ordained to supply, on the interdicted Wednesdays and Fridays preceding Easter. Whatever be the cause of this falling off, whether the fault of the conductors, or the fault of the public, we will not say; but this we will maintain—that it is the same cause in the musical as in the dramatic entertainment. Formerly, the oratorios used to be considered the *ne plus ultra* of public musical performances, for grandeur and exten-

siveness of scale in the arrangements, and superior taste in the selection. Pieces of music, generally of the finest sacred class, were played there, which could be given nowhere else; and seldom failed to produce a very deep and lasting effect. The oratorio was then indeed "a grand performance of ancient music," but what is it now?—the word "modern" has crept into the announcement, and modern but not new music, of a very inferior kind, has thickly fallen from that stage whence the noblest productions of genius used once to be thundered forth. Pretty songs out of the last new opera, and yet more miserable ballads, by miserable amateurs, which could never hope to be heard under any other auspices, are put forth in tiresome variety;—besides this, *scenas* from Italian operas, in which, at most but one part, is sustained by foreign talent; the rest being given, though reluctantly, and in evident ignorance of the fun of the thing, by very respectable English ballad singers;—with *fantasias* on fiddles and flutes by little boys, whose tender years render even their failure interesting, swell out the present attraction of these once so noble entertainments.

The performance of Wednesday evening, was a melancholy evidence of this statement of the case. The principal singers were Madame de Meric, and Madame Puzzi, two foreign *cantatrices*; Miss Pearson, Mrs. Mapleson, and Mrs. H. R. Bishop, three "great unknowns" of true English growth, for the female department. Of males, we had Braham, T. Cooke, Templeton, E. Seguin, Bedford, &c., with a tolerably efficient chorus, and an orchestra of sufficient number and power, but occasionally, much deficient in precision and feeling. Some favoured few of these performers were thrust forward with a frequency, unmerciful both to themselves and the audience. Miss Pearson, for instance, sang seven times; and Mr. Templeton, eight times, besides encores; and Mrs. Mapleson sang five times; whilst, on the other hand, Madame de Meric sang but thrice, and Madame Puzzi twice. We went into the theatre near the end of the first act, and stayed till the end of the second, so we cannot speak of what had gone before or came after. Whilst we were there we heard eighteen pieces of music, about one half of which were repeated, in violent opposition to more than one half of the audience.

Beethoven's grand chorus, *Glory to God*, was finely given, with exception of the little solo by little Master Hopkins, which bordered a little upon the ridiculous; *Sound the Loud Timbrel*, by Miss Pearson, Mrs. Mapleson, and Mr. Bedford, was but indifferently played, yet encored was it, nevertheless. Madame de Meric sang three pieces;—Pacini's *Salvo Alfin* she rather failed in, by attempting too much; the recitative and aria, *Oh Cielo*, from *Figaro*, she gave with perfect correctness, and *Di Pincer* she sang with wonderful brilliance and taste, which met with an unanimous and hearty encore. Ries's Overture to *Don Carlos* was well played, though the violincello passages were rather ineffective.

Miss Pearson sang several songs, and was noisily applauded before and after each; her *conoscenti* admirers should be taught to shape their ardour to the general opinion of the audience, and rest satisfied, as did the gallant captain of the Thunder-bomb, by "very much applauding her for what she has done," preliminary encores being rather absurd. Mr. Templeton also sang some miserably maudlin ballads about *The Eyes of my Love*, and *The Rosy Day Light*, &c. which, though "expressly composed," should have been instantly condemned as impudent plagiarisms, instead of being brutally inflicted upon the fatigued portion of the audience, who in vain strove to keep themselves awake by hissing. *What Fairy like Music* was but a satire upon the words, and Madame Puzzi's two pieces were sung in her own indifferent style, and shockingly mauled in the accompaniment by the band. The piece to which we looked forward with most interest, and in which we were most sorely disappointed, was Wade's *Who are the Free?* sung by Mr. Braham. We had frequently heard and admired this piece in private concerts, where it had been given with all that true spirit and expression which, as a very original and peculiar composition, it demanded. On the present occasion what a falling-off was there! In the first place, the instrumentation was poorly put, with a rolling accompaniment of hard unmeaning drums, quite out of keeping. Besides this, the band played it by half too slow, and with a totally wrong expression, more with the dulness of a funeral dirge than the spirit and rattling brilliance of a freeman's war cry. Braham laboured in vain to throw a little of this fine character into it, and the consequence was, that, though eventually encored, a really fine composition was almost strangled in its birth. We hope the fiddlers will be drilled into a little enthusiasm, and the drummers beat the retreat ere its next performance. With this we must conclude a notice which has run to much greater length than we had anticipated, and which we hope will be taken in good part by all whom it may concern, as the honest and friendly opinions of one who has the warmest anxiety for the success of English talent.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Friday.—Selection of Music.

Saturday.—The Compact; the Rent Day.

Monday.—The Compact; the Rent Day.

Tuesday.—The Hypocrite; the Brigand; the Rent Day.

Wednesday.—Selection of Music.

Thursday.—The Compact; the Rent Day.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—No performance.

Saturday.—The Hunchback; the Romance of a Day.

Monday.—The Hunchback; the Miller and his Men.

Tuesday.—The Hunchback; the Barber of Seville.

Wednesday.—No performance.

Thursday.—The Hunchback; the Marriage of Figaro.

THE theatres have been tolerably prosperous during the past week. Mr. Knowles' *Hunchback* has fully justified the favourable opinions already expressed, and will doubt-

less turn out a profitable novelty. Yet the piece was rejected, and under peculiar circumstances, too, by the Drury Lane management! Mr. Planche's *Compact*, another brigand piece, goes off with eclat at Drury Lane. It is supported by the whole strength of the company; Wallack, of course, playing the brigand, *Juan Ravagos*.

MINORS.

PASSION WEEK is drawing so close at hand, that the production of any novelty on this side of Easter seems to be a thing not to be thought of: all the energies of all the managers of all the theatres seem now to be reserved for the important holiday-night so fast approaching. Sadler's Wells and the City Theatres have already closed their doors, a full week before the time when they would have been compelled to do so. The season at the former house was the maiden one of the manager, Mr. W. H. Williams, and may be considered, on the whole, a successful one. A considerable number of new pieces have been produced, although the same well-known old faces among the actors have presented themselves almost without variation. We hope, in the summer season, we shall have this uniformity a little broken through, and be treated with new performers occasionally, as well as new plays: many of the present company are men of talent, but some there are whose absence would not be much regretted.—The season at the City was the first of Mr. Davidge's proprietorship, and it has been but a very poor one. The old dishes of the Coburg have been served up with a strange pertinacity, and very little has been done towards that "great improvement" in the performances which was promised when the new manager entered on his duties. A few stars have occasionally glittered for a few nights, the chief of whom were Miss Smithson, the *ci-devant* Miss Graddon, Mr. Hunt, and Miss S. Phillips.

NEW STRAND. Benefits are the order of the day; and *The Field of Forty Footsteps* the newest importation.

ADELPHI.—The state of affairs is the same here. *His Highness, the German Prince* has already disappeared!

GARRICK.—This house is not so well attended as it deserves to be; Dowton still continues his powerful assistance, and, they do say, has a part in the (serio?) comedy of "*Management*."

MISCELLANEA.

It is hardly possible to find a grosser instance of literary ignorance than is displayed by the lady translatress of Prince Puckler Muskau's travels,—and that, too, while she is professing to set her author right, and noticing his errors, that it may not seem she "was not aware of them:" she says—"Alluding to Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*, he calls Varney, Vernon; and he lays the scene of Varney's murder of his wife at *Kenilworth*, instead of at *Clumber*. *There may be more mistakes for aught I know*." Nothing more likely than this latter, for, if Mrs. A—— is so totally unacquainted with such popular works Sir Walter Scott's as

novels, we may take it for granted she is not very conversant with subjects any thing recondite. What unaccountable errors are her corrections! "Varney's murder of his wife"—why, in *our* edition, at least, of Kenilworth, Varney has no wife at all, (although both his highness and Mrs. A. says he has,) and, therefore, he could hardly murder her. He does indeed lure to destruction the gentle Amy Robsart, the wife of his patron, the Earl of Leicester,—the very circumstance on which the whole plot of the novel turns, and which could not be forgotten by any one who had read the book with any attention, or any feeling for its merits; we might almost say, by any one *who had ever read it at all!* The mistake is much the same as that of the Irish manager who, in casting *Hamlet*, forgot the "philosophic prince;" but *he* had no lady deep read in German metaphysics at his elbow to correct the error, and make another quite as gross in the process. Come we now to correction the second: the prince lays the scene of this event, it seems, "at Kenilworth instead of Clumber;" another display of profound reading. As the prince made the incident, he might surely lay the same where he pleased; but, taking it for granted that both he and his translatress mean to allude to Varney's murder of the Countess of Leicester, still the lady is in the wrong. The author of "Waverley" tells us, and in this he follows history, that the tragedy was acted at Cumnor, in Berks, and not at "Clumber," which is in Notts, and no further celebrated than as the residence of a certain noble individual, rendered memorable in a certain elegant distich as

"——— The lumber
That lives at Clumber."

Here again, how any body with the slightest notion of English topography could fall into such a mistake is incomprehensible; Sir Walter is continually talking of Cumnor as being near Oxford, which could hardly be the case if it were in Nottinghamshire; and, moreover, he quotes Mickle's ballad of Cumnor of Cumnor Hall so frequently, that one would think the name would be impressed on the memory of the most inattentive reader. The fact is, poor Mrs. A—— is so prodigiously elated at the ridiculously high praises bestowed on her two first volumes, that if she were asked whether she stood on her head or her heels, she would most likely give the wrong reply,—but still with an air of most important condescension. As to the German Prince, he is a complete specimen of "the humbug." Few things are more amusing than to read his sentimental raptures at Kenilworth, on recollection of an event which never happened, either in fact or fiction,—or his praises of an author whom he evidently never read, or, if he did read, never understood,—the author of "Waverley."

The grim monster is making sad havoc among the illustrious minds of Europe. It is melancholy to take a review of "Death's Doings" among the most eminent of the literati within a year or two. Within that short period we have had to deplore the loss of more of the venerable magnates of

literature than for many years before. Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," a relic of the last century, though partly flourishing in this—and Madame de Genlis, whose writings were diffused over the eventful period before, during, and after the French Revolution, were two of the greatest victims of 1831; while the year was closed by the decease of Bilderdyk, the head of the literature of Holland, and the new year was ushered in by the double and simultaneous loss of our own Crabbe, and of the aged Swiss, Bonstetten. The catalogue has now to be swelled with the name of a greater than any of these,—the celebrated Goethe, in whom the literature of Germany, if not of Europe, sustains a loss almost irreparable. Nor does this ill-news come alone; the death of Berzelius, the father of Swedish chemistry, and perhaps its most illustrious surviving cultivator, became known to the English public at the same moment with that of the far-famed author of "Faust" and "The Sorrows of Werter." These events will create wide blanks in the rolls of Fame,—let us hope they will not long remained unfilled!

Dr. Bowring is certainly one of the most indefatigable men of his time; in the midst of writing the crack articles of *The Westminster Review*, he finds time to get out another volume of translations from some crackjaw anthology, and all the while he is up to the ears in accounts at the public offices in Paris, and gently throwing a folio volume of figures every now and then at the heads of the English parliament, (who, by-the-bye, are at the expense of his Parisian residence,) and all this, we suppose, in addition to attending to the affairs of the mercantile house with which he is, or, at least was, connected. We have not done yet; besides all this, (pretty well enough for one man,) the indefatigable doctor has just put forth a work *written in Dutch*, and published at Leeuwarden, the capital of Friesland, of the literary society of which place, (and, doubtless, of that of Owhyhee,) he is a member. The title of the book runs as follows—"Brieven an John Bowring, geschreven op eene Reize door Holland, Friesland, en Groningen;" which, being interpreted, signifies—"Letters of John Bowring, written during a journey through Holland, Friesland, and Groningen;" so that, while we poor simple souls supposed the doctor was concocting *The Westminster* at Jerry Bentham's, or translating Scandinavian with his friend, Mr. Barrow, (he has announced "The Songs of Scandinavia,") he was doubtless scouring the mud plains and dreary dykes of Dutchland! Well! success attend him, say we,—he deserves it if it were only for his industry. We have a word to add; we should like of all things to treat our readers with a notice of a book in Dutch, (the extracts would be as good as MS.) and as we see our neighbour, Mr. Heward, of the Strand, is the "seller" of the work for England, perhaps we may be favoured with the loan of a copy, when we pledge ourselves to give an actual review of the monstrosity! By-the-bye, we ought not to have omitted to notice, that this is

not Dr. Bowring's first appearance in a foreign costume, as some time ago he sent forth a pamphlet in the Spanish language.

The Unconscious Criminal.—"Within my own recollection, a most horrid occurrence took place at a farm not far from this, where a very clever country workman made an annual visit for the purpose of making and mending barrows and harrows, and all other farm tools and utensils. It happened that one of the cottars on the farm, who was constantly employed as a labourer by the farmer, had a very harmless good-natured idiot boy who followed his father daily to his work. This poor innocent being was every year the constant object of the wright's tricks and jokes, some of them cruel enough, and, by the way, it is not enough remembered, that every trick is cruel *which is felt to be so* by those it is practised upon. One hot summer day, after the wright had as usual been exerting his ingenuity pestering the poor boy, and having finished his dinner sooner than the rest of the people, he went into the barn, stretched himself on the floor, and fell asleep. Before the other workmen had left the kitchen, the boy came in chuckling and laughing, and rubbing his hands with the utmost expression of delight. When asked what made him so happy, he said he had been playing John Wright a clever trick. John Wright was always tricking him, now he had tricked John Wright. 'John Wright's sleepin', and I've hidden his head in the barrel of feathers, and when he wakens I'm sure he'll no be able to find it.' A glance at the boy showed his hands bloody,—the people started up and rushed into the barn, where their worst fears were more than confirmed by the awful spectacle of the headless body lying in a loch of blood,—the poor creature having, as he said, cut off the unhappy man's head with his own axe, and hid it in a tub of feathers!"—*Real Life.*

MISANTHROPY CURED.

Old Man.—You have commenced misanthrope at an early age,—how old are you?

Young Man.—Five and twenty.

Old Man.—Do you expect to reach a hundred?

Young Man.—Not exactly.

Old Man.—Do you imagine that you will be able to reform mankind in seventy-five years?

Young Man.—The supposition is too absurd.

Old Man.—Nevertheless you must think so, or you would not rail with such bitterness at their present state. Nay, if you did anticipate a change within that period, your conduct would hardly be reasonable, since you would have no time left to enjoy the amelioration which you had effected.

Young Man.—There is something in what you say. I will reconsider of it.

CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

THE title and index are unavoidably postponed till next week, when they will be given on a sheet distinct from the weekly quantity.

We are obliged to *Anonymous*. He was quite right in his surmise.

Will *Anglicanus* favour us with a more explicit communication, or a call on Saturday at four o'clock.

Several works we are compelled to pass over to our next week's account, when all shall be noticed according to their merits.

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

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